

The American
LEGION
MAGAZINE



JANUARY 1938

DO EXPERT MARKSMEN FIND THAT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

"YES, SIR, in any bunch of expert shots — Camels are the favorite cigarette," says *Ransford Triggs*, one of the foremost marksmen in America. "Marksmen know that it takes steady nerves to make high scores. And the fact that Camels don't frazzle my nerves goes over big with me. I smoke plenty of Camels every day, too."

And millions of other people — the most loyal group of smokers in the world — put their "O. K." on Camels too — making Camels the largest-selling cigarette in America

TAKING X-RAYS is a delicate job—and a tiring one too. But as Miss *Myrtle Sawler*, X-ray technician, says: "When I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."



"I'M HANDLING money by thousands," says bank teller, *John McMahon*. "Jittery nerves don't fit in with this work. So it's Camels for me."

HOME economist, *Elizabeth May*, says: "There's a world of comfort in smoking Camels 'for digestion's sake,' at mealtimes."



{ ABOVE }

Head-on view of Ransford Triggs on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with hand-made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect his hand.



Camel pays millions more for **COSTLIER TOBACCOS!** Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** — Turkish and Domestic.

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CAMELS THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

FRONT and CENTER

THE THIRD A.E.F.

To the Editor: Upon my return from the American Legion Pilgrimage to France I was very much surprised to hear that a few Legionnaires came back and circulated in our newspapers and possible radio broadcasts false stories regarding the manner in which the French government extended their hospitality to us. Speaking for myself, and the many contacts I had with my comrades, I will say that under similar conditions of providing for and entertaining more than five thousand men of foreign language and ways of living, I doubt whether any nation could have undertaken the gigantic task any better.

Upon reaching Cherbourg we were greeted by French officials and women presenting each man with a flower, also the bugle corps of about sixty men, all of which added to the cordial welcome. When we reached Paris we were taken to our hotel in very modern buses. I was booked at the Bohy Lafayette Hotel which happened to be an all-year-round hotel. A good many of the boys were placed in summer hotels that had been closed a month—not knowing how many men were to be placed they did not have things quite in the order many expected but after knowing how many to provide for they soon met the situation and order prevailed.

Our tours around Paris, to Versailles, Touraine excursion, cemeteries, and the battlefields were in modern buses and with good railroad accommodations. At all important stops we were received with a warm and friendly greeting by army officers, government officials, and bugle corps.

Personally, I think The American Legion should send a letter of appreciation to the French government in return for extending and straining every effort within its power to make our pilgrimage a success.—DR. FREDERICK W. MANGER, Newark, N. J.

* * *

To the Editor: Having served with the U. S. Army Nurse Corps in France and Belgium during the war, meeting and knowing the American soldiers I wish to take this, the first opportunity while things are fresh in my memory, of telling you how thrilled I have been with my visit to France during the Pilgrimage from which I have just returned.

During the seven days I stayed in Paris we visited Aisne-Marne, Belleau Wood, Château-Thierry, the Argonne and Verdun, and believe me, when I say, the fields of crosses are heart-breaking, and the picture of that French soldier

escorting relatives to the graves of the fallen men, saluting the cross and leaving them with their dead was a most touching sight. The graves are all so beautifully cared for.

Of the Legionnaires themselves, there were many silver-haired men but one could see their spirits were the same as they were twenty years ago, cheery and kindly always. I met a soldier who was in No. 3 Military Hospital in Paris. I was also on duty there. He wanted to see that hospital again, as he had his leg amputated there, so I took his wife and him to see the hospital.

My home is far from America now as I married a British sea captain and live here, but I shall always cherish the memory of being with The American Legion and one of them after all those years.

Of the French people I cannot say enough of their generous treatment to us while guests of that country. Everything was done to make our stay comfortable and happy.—ANNIE H. K. MACKENZIE, Scotland Post No. 2, Dundee, Scotland.

"MY BIT FOR BAKER"

To the Editor: The story in September issue "My Bit for Baker" brought many a smile to my face.

I was with the 111th Engineers of the 36th Division and just before St. Mihiel we were sent to First Army Corps as corps engineers. At Frouard someone hung around our necks a company of Pioneer Infantry from 53d Regiment of same. They were to help us keep roads and bridges open immediately following the advances. However, they were so much bother, getting lost and not having any kitchen or rations etc., that we let them stay lost. McMorrow gave an idea of how little training they had and the officers were a joke.

We had three or four men in the company who had annexed and hung on to from 1000 to 2000 francs. Here is a story that indicates how much francs were worth to them. At Vienne le Château while we were there were some of the 92d American Division. One afternoon one of our sergeants who was the possessor of bokoo francs saw some of them just completing the making of four pies. Now we had not seen pie for some time, so Sergeant Jesse Pate offered to buy

one of the pies, but was told that they were for the officers and could not be diverted. However, when the offer rose to 25 francs one pie came over and was eaten by Pate right then. It was good pie, so Pate took another for another 25 francs, which he likewise ate right away.

Company E, 111th Engineers, was recruited at Ardmore, Oklahoma. The magazine reader wrote McMorrow from Oklahoma and with the other coincidences I think there is a good chance that he was from our outfit. Anyway, it was a good story, as I think the pie story is also.—TOM L. COLEMAN, Wichita Falls, Tex.

SAFETY ON THE HIGHWAY

To the Editor: Here are some suggestions for highway safety that occurred to me, in the light of some articles in the Magazine on that important subject.

In my experience, dim lights are not adequate in a heavy fog. In such a case, also when meeting a procession of bright headlights, I prefer the bright lights but directed downward and to the right, so as to bring into vision the right curb or margin.

In general, I agree that the best way when one starts to skid is to leave the gears alone, unless one can quickly change to second, and to brake very gradually. But there are cases such as a vehicle suddenly stopping in front, a dangerous obstacle at the bottom of a hill, a bridge out, a person suddenly falling in front, when the only chance is to put on the brakes with the hope that the inevitable skidding, even the entire revolving of the car will result less disastrously. I once saw an old Ford avoid the rear of a street car by turning completely around in its tracks and not being hurt at all.

Left turns should in general be made from the left lane of the right side of the street. I find considerable difficulty and danger from the fact that drivers insist on passing to the left after the signal of a turn has been given. Also, the Cleveland method of theoretically turning into a cross street, and then going ahead with the green signal on that street, has its merits.

An additional precaution with regard to children may be suggested. Train yourself so that whenever you see a child, you toot the horn. One can never tell where or how quickly a child will move. Years ago, a boy appeared from nowhere and collided with the handle bars of my bicycle and to have children run into the sides of automobiles is a common occurrence.—DR. A. L. BARTLETT, Buffalo, N. Y.

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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LOS ANGELES (which city, in case you've forgotten, will be host to the Twentieth National Convention of The American Legion next fall) has extended an official invitation to In-



tendant Général Pierre Vincensini of France to attend the festivities there next fall. General Vincensini, who is quartermaster general of the French Army, was official host in Paris to the five-thousand-odd Legionnaires who made the overseas pilgrimage that followed the New York National Convention.

THERE'S been a lot of talk of recent years, as successive conventions approached, that the next one would be "the last big" convention. A whole sequence of last-bigs has come and gone, with each one bigger and better than the last previous. Last-big conventions are something like wars-to-end-war. It is our opinion

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 51. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department.

(and you can fling it right back in our face if it turns out to be so many jelly-beans) that Los Angeles is going to be another last-big convention.

THE New York Convention must be about over now. There hasn't been a Legion cap along Fifth Avenue in more than two weeks. Wonder when the first of the new season will make its appearance on Figueroa Street?

HERE'S betting a lot of folks will read "The Legion Murder Case" on the strength of the title. We believe in fair play, so it's only decent to warn you that not a single post commander bites the dust or gets caught with little flecks of gore on his coat sleeve.

IT IS a pleasure to welcome Dr. (that is, Col.) Hugh Scott back to the pages of the Magazine. He knows exactly what he is talking about, otherwise he wouldn't hold the tremendously important post he does.

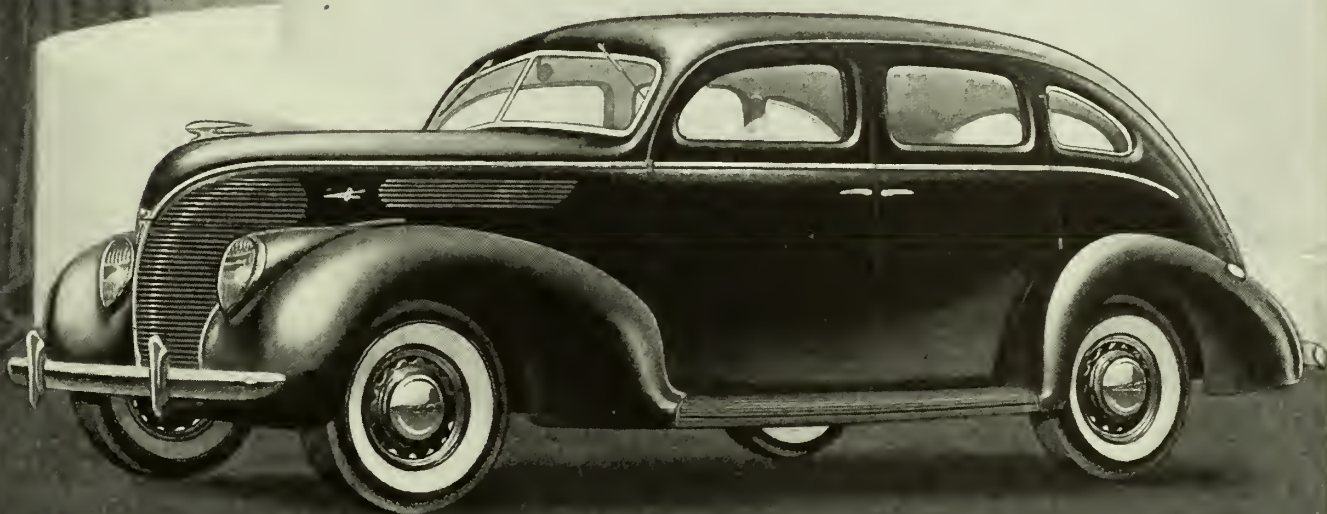
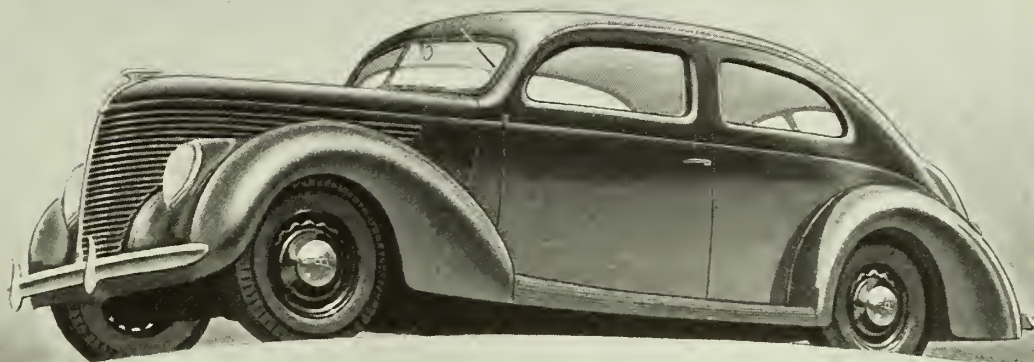
WHEN you have finished the story of Charles G. Clement, which is introduced in this issue and will be continued through the two succeeding, we should be glad to know whether you agree with us that it is one of the most dramatic and touching incidents in the chronicle of the A.E.F. There is a story within the story, as you will note in reading the little introduction to Mr. Bisogno's narrative and in the explanation by Edison Marshall. If Clement was the hero of his own story, as he most certainly was, then Mr. Bisogno is the hero of the story after the story.

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Presenting



Above, the Standard Ford V-8 Tudor . . . Below, the De Luxe Ford V-8 Fordor

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The LEGION MURDER CASE

By
**KARL
DETZER**

Illustrations by
FORREST C. CROOKS

THE newspapers called it The American Legion Murder Case, and called old Abraham Anderson a homespun detective, too. But they were wrong on both points. The Legion had nothing to do with it, except as an innocent bystander, and old Abraham . . . well, you never want to call him any kind of a detective to his face.

Of course, Abraham was the only one that knew it was murder, right from the start, but he hardly said a word. Just kept his mouth shut and his eyes open, and did a bit of private calculating on the side. But a detective? Abraham gets bothered if you even hint as much, for the only detective he ever met was Eddie Lake of Chicago, and he doesn't think a lot of him.

The newspapers didn't get hold of the murder idea till Thursday, which was the third of May, but Abraham wasn't that slow. At seven o'clock on the morning of May first, he knew. Not who killed Fowler Staton, or why. Just that this was a job of murder, and in his territory, too.

Abraham Anderson is a game warden, but he doesn't like to be called that, either. Conservation officer is his title, and he wants you to use it. His territory is the Black Creek country, and if you're a trout fisherman, the very name of it makes your feet itch.

"You see," demonstrated the old man, "he couldn't reach the net"





FORREST CROOKS

For Black Creek is a stream to dream about, if you take your fishing seriously. Its trout aren't any longer, when you lay them along your measuring rule, and they don't scale any heavier than fish from other streams, but they've got a fighting habit all their own. When a man comes out of Black Creek with the limit in his creel you can chalk him up as A-Number 1.

Fowler Staton knew that. He'd fished every good pool and rapid from Maine to Oregon, and when he'd tried them all, he came back to Black Creek and bought forty acres of slash pine land and put up his camp.

Not an ordinary camp, either. Mr. Staton had the money to buy what he wanted, and he wanted the best. Wanted a place to take his friends, where they could tire themselves out in the stream all day, and then sit around comfortably at the fireside in the evening and smoke their pipes and talk about fish, and forget . . . well, the things men want to forget.

In the case of Mr. Staton it was the war. He'd not been in it himself, but his boy had gone over on a one-way trip. Back in Chicago in 1919, a lot of the boy's friends had organized a Post of the Legion and named it in his memory . . . Captain John Staton Post. The old man came down to the first meeting and met the fellows, and was very silent and polite, then went away and never came back.

But he'd not forgotten the Post. About six years ago he proved that by calling up the adjutant one day and offering the camp and its forty acres to the Post, for its summer outings for kids. He explained how he was gradually getting rid of his fortune . . . unburdening was his word for it . . . and how he was trying to do the right thing with the money. He had no sons left, you see, and only one daughter, and she was married to young Herbert Merriam, who worked in Mr. Staton's office.

This Merriam was a nice appearing fellow, but he never seemed to fit in exactly when he came up to Black Creek with Mr. Staton. Everyone soon found out why; he was just one of those fellows that aren't fishermen.

Herb Merriam couldn't tell the difference between a pumpkin seed and a wall-eyed pike, and didn't give a hang, and sometimes this used to irritate Mr. Staton. But just the same Merriam seemed

fond of the old man, fishing or no fishing, and spent a lot of time with him. And Mr. Staton liked him, too.

But when Mr. Staton gave away the fishing camp, he explained his reasons to the post adjutant, and people who knew wondered what Herb Merriam would say to them.

"The young people won't like this a little bit," Mr. Staton said. "But I don't worry. I'm giving away everything I have, a bit at a time, and it all goes to some good cause. When I was young, I had to make my own way; let the young folks do the same."

There was one string tied to the gift. Each year when trout season opened on May first, Mr. Staton had a right to come back and fish. That suited the boys in the Post, all right, so they gave him a gold watch with the emblem on it, and fixed up the best room at the camp for Mr. Staton's own.

He kept his fishing things there, from year end to year end, and it made quite a kit. There were four or five rods, and a dozen boxes of tackle, and flat cases of flies, and plenty of clothes. Fishing togs, you know, not just old clothes. There's quite a difference.

Mr. Staton was that kind of fisherman, the kind where half an ounce in the heft of a fly rod might as well be ten pounds. He tied his own flies, too, because he said he couldn't buy any half as good as he could make.

There was one member of the Post that disagreed, and said Mr. Staton was just putting on million-dollar airs. This was a disabled veteran named Art Prosser, who was made custodian of the camp a couple of years back, and went up country to live. This Prosser wasn't the pleasantest sort of person, being of the grouching kind, always with a chip on his



He started to run through the woods and the game warden took after him

shoulder, and complaining about somebody or something. But the boys felt sorry for him, so they gave him the job.

And it wasn't six months before the fellows heard him complaining about Mr. Staton. The old man was lording it over him, he said, making him do this

and that which he didn't need to do. A lot of the boys remembered this, and so did Abraham, on the morning Mr. Staton's body was found.

According to Prosser's story that he told the coroner, he got a telegram from Mr. Staton on the night of the twenty-ninth of April, telling him to get things

ready at the camp for the first of May opening. Prosser didn't live at the camp except in summer, his wife being unable to stand the lonesomeness. So they rented a little house over in Cutlerville, about six miles away, and he went out every day in his flivver.

There wasn't much for him to do, except when the kids were there tearing the place to pieces, so he spent most of his time fishing. He made quite a reputation for himself, too, always bringing back a nice catch.

On April thirtieth he went to camp and spent the whole day there, grouching to himself as usual, probably getting madder and madder at Mr. Staton while he got the old man's gear ready. Just the same, he did a good job; got the kit in order, and brought in plenty of wood and cleaned and stocked the kitchen, and dug worms and did all the things Mr. Staton would expect.

Prosser claimed he went home about five o'clock that night and straight to bed. His wife was away, visiting her sister, so there wasn't anybody to back up his story. But the boys at the barber-shop said he didn't hang around that evening, as he usually did. Some thought this proved he was home and innocent, and others, who didn't like his crusty ways, said it proved he wasn't in town at all. You could take your choice.

He was seen next morning, about a quarter of seven, heading toward the

camp, and he claimed he got there at seven o'clock and found Mr. Staton's car in the drive, and the clubhouse door standing open. This didn't surprise him, he said, knowing that Mr. Staton had a pass key.

But before he had a chance to go inside, he heard someone holler and saw Abraham Anderson running up the river bank.

The game warden yelled, "Did anybody cut across the clearing ahead of me?"

Prosser answered that he hadn't noticed, and Abraham stopped long enough to give him a careful look, and then ducked into the brush behind the camp. In another minute, before Prosser could move, the old man was hollering again, so he just stood and waited.

Then he saw Abraham backing out of the brush, dragging a little fellow by the arm, and Prosser recognized the fellow right away.

IT WAS Noah du Paltier, a French-Canadian farmer from over toward Cutlerville. Telling about it, Prosser claimed he had to laugh, Noah looked so scared and little beside Abraham.

When they got to the clubhouse, Abraham was panting, and he ordered, "Go set on the porch, Noah. You're under arrest."

The Frenchman pleaded, "Please, Meester An-ner-son! I buy license today! I promise! Do not send me in the jail!"

"Shut up, Noah," Abraham said, but Noah kept on babbling. It wasn't staying in the jailhouse for ten days worried him. He'd been in jail before. But right at the start of trout season and him a crazy fisherman . . . he just didn't want the jail to spoil his sport.

At least that's what he told Detective Eddie Lake a couple of days later. But now, he just sputtered and hollered. Abraham didn't even look at him, only turned to Prosser and said, "Well?"

"Well, what?" Prosser wanted to know, putting a chip on his shoulder.

"When did Mr. Staton get here?" Abraham asked. He was a friend of Mr. Staton, having fished with him.

"Don't know when he got here," Prosser said.

Old Abraham fingered his conservation badge and said, "Mr. Staton's dead."

According to what Abraham told the coroner, Prosser didn't seem surprised, only answered sharply, "Well, I didn't kill him!"

"You've complained about him plenty, and I've heard it with my own ears," Abraham reminded him. "I'll call the coroner, if the 'phone's in order. Don't go away, either of you."

So he went in and gave young Doc Greene a ring, then went back to the porch and spoke to Noah du Paltier. It seems the game warden had been up most of the night, working the stream, seeing that fishermen didn't wet a line before the season opened at midnight, and that

they didn't take undersized fish after that, and looking at their licenses. About forty rods below the camp, he'd bumped into this Noah du Paltier crossing a beaver dam, and Noah saw him and started to run.

Abraham went after him, thinking Noah probably had some undersized fish in his pockets, and as he climbed over a big pile of rock, the game warden happened to look down, and there was a body in shallow water beside the pool. It lay on its face, with fishing gear around it, just the way it would have fallen if a man had slipped while climbing the rocks in the dark.

Abraham saw right away that it was Mr. Staton and that he was dead, and several things besides. Then, remembering the other fellow, he started after him again. He'd not seen his face, so did not know who he was chasing until he found Noah behind the camp.

Now on the porch he was looking at Art Prosser, and then at Noah, when he had another surprise. For a stranger came around the corner of the clubhouse, and the sight of him would make anyone take notice.

He was a smallish man, middle-aged, with thick glasses, and a pale face, and he had a sort of hungry look. His clothes weren't the kind you take on fishing trips; they were city clothes, and none too good a quality, and they were torn and muddy and stuck full of briars, and he was wet to the knees from wading in late snow drifts and had only low shoes on his feet.

Prosser said, "Hello, Ray! What you doing up here?"

The stranger hardly looked at him, only asked, "Where's Staton?"

Prosser looked quickly at old Abraham, then said, "What's it to you?"

"Plenty," the stranger answered with a nasty tone, and Abraham whispered to Prosser, asking who this was.

"Name's Ray Christie," Prosser answered. "Member of the Legion Post. He's fished here before. Works for Staton."

Christie listened, then he said, "I asked you where he is."

"What you want of him?" Abraham asked.

"PLENTY," Christie repeated. "The dirty so-and-so!"

Abraham just said, "Um," and Noah quit blubbing, and Prosser took off his cap and scratched his head.

"Where is he?" Christie asked again.

"He's not here now," Abraham told



him in a voice calculated to calm him down, but the fellow wouldn't calm.

He hollered: "The so-and-so! Firing me after nine years! Saying I juggled his books, and coming right up here and never giving me a chance to explain!"

"Set and quiet yourself," Abraham advised, but Christie wasn't in a mind to set, so he started to walk up and down, talking to himself until he got on Prosser's nerves, and Prosser hollered at him.

"Shut up, Ray!" he ordered in his nastiest voice, and the newcomer turned around and gave him a look.

"Oh, you're taking his part, are you?" he answered. "Well, I don't suck around after anybody's money!"

"Shut up!" Prosser said again, glancing at Abraham, but Christie yelled:

"You've said often enough, you know,



They looked down into the shallow water, where Mr. Staton lay on his face

you'd like to drown him . . . the dirty . . ."
"You're crazy, Ray," Prosser interrupted angrily.

Abraham looked at them both, but before he could say what was in his mind, Doc Greene had driven up and was getting out of his car and Abraham saw that he'd brought Sheriff Wumble with him. The doc climbed out, carrying his little medicine bag, and the sheriff, being extremely fat, followed him more slowly. Abraham tried to explain quietly to them what had happened, but Christie still kept carrying on, and once Prosser hollered, "Keep your mouth shut, will you? Staton's been murdered!"

"Oh," Doc Greene said, startled, to Abraham. "You think it's murder?"

Abraham pulled at his conservation badge, the way he had a habit, and answered, "I never said so. Wonder how Prosser knows . . . if it really is."

But the sheriff had made up his mind already; he was sort of easy going and lazy, and didn't want anything out of the way to happen in his county.

"You found him at the foot of them rocks?" he asked. "Well, rocks is slippery in the morning dew, Abraham."

"Oh, sure," Abraham agreed, "but let's go take a look."

They didn't start, however; another car was making hard work in the sandy road, and as it came in view, Doc Greene said, "Illinois plates."

Abraham grunted. "Whole world's

coming," he started to say, and then stopped. It wasn't surprising, who this was. The very tall, good looking fellow who climbed out of the car and started toward them was Herb Merriam, who might be expected any time Staton came.

"Hello, Mr. Anderson," he called to Abraham. "Seen Dad?"

Merriam always called his wife's father that. Abraham didn't answer right away, instead introduced Merriam to the others, by their official titles. Merriam seemed puzzled, but he didn't ask what the sheriff and coroner were doing there; he simply repeated, "Seen Dad? I was to meet him here. Drove all night from Rogers City."

Abraham answered, "Mr. Staton's dead, Herbert."

Merriam hollered, "Dead? Dad's dead?"

So Abraham told him, very quiet, what he'd found. Merriam swayed on his feet, listening; he leaned up against a tree and Doc Greene thought he was going to fall and offered him a shot of liquor out of his black bag, but Merriam just shook his head and kept repeating, "Dad's dead!" as if he couldn't believe it.

And then he saw Christie.

Christie saw him, rather, and coming down off the porch, he hollered: "There's another of the crooks!"

"What's Christie doing here?" Merriam demanded suddenly of Abraham.

"He was looking for Mr. Staton, too."

Merriam cried, "Dad fired him, yesterday. Before he left, Christy said . . ."

"Said what?" Doc Greene asked. But Merriam just blew his nose and stood there looking at the ground.

"Nothing," he answered finally. "He just acted pretty mawd when he got his notice. He's sort of unstable. That's all."

"Mr. Staton fell," the sheriff said, and Merriam turned, and stared at him, as if he hadn't thought of that himself, but it was a good idea.

"It don't get us far, just talking," Abraham decided, and started, with Merriam beside him, blowing his nose every few feet and gulping, and Doc Greene and Sheriff Wumble following. On the way Abraham told them just what had happened so far, but he'd only got to Noah running away, when Merriam said, "What's Noah's last name? He isn't the fellow that Dad. . . ."

"Had arrested?" Abraham said. "Sure he is. I ain't for- (Continued on page 44)

How Much do People WANT PEACE?

By Frank A. Matthews, Jr.

Cartoons by JOHN CASSEL



me that if I was actually out of a job it would be far more respectable for me to go on relief than to join this ungodly horde known as the Army. In short, I was given complete assurance that the fascinating hint of romantic adventure created by this poster was just plain sucker bait.

Since, about twenty years ago, I had spent some nineteen more or less unwilling months in this same Army in the war that President Wilson kept us out of, I was so flattered by this person obviously thinking me young enough and physically suf-

ficient to be a prospective recruit that I would have tried to make a date with her, except first, I wasn't quite sure she was a her, and, secondly, there is a point beyond which subtle flattery cannot carry even me. Besides, by this time she had me thinking seriously about war, and you know when the net effect a woman can produce on a man is to get him thinking about war, there's not much point in making a date with her anyhow. To her the

value of S. A. was obviously as little as that of U. S. A.

After I had disabused her mind of the impression of any intention on my part to raise the old right hand and sign on the dotted line for another three-year hitch, I left her to salvage the next potential victim of this nefarious system of public deception.

But, as I say, she started me thinking about war, and the Army and Navy and all that.

It seems to me that once in a while, if only for the sake of variety, it is a good thing to think of the Army and the Navy of these United States as what they really are and not what many persons just enjoy calling them. They, in fact, are the means of preserving peace, or of restoring it as soon as possible after war is declared. In a country with our Constitution, established military policy and public opinion it is worse than ridiculous—it is dangerously insidious—to brand our puny armed forces as some ogre tending to bring on war. The Army and Navy

IN AN unhurried moment I stopped to look at a sign advertising for recruits for the United States Army. While I was dreamily enjoying the pictures of beautiful Hawaii there approached me a short-haired, long-nosed, thin-lipped, thick-ankled, soft-soled, loud-mouthed, mannish-womanish person who addressed me upon the folly of war and the evils of becoming a soldier. This individual earnestly assured me that the realities of life in the Army were as far from the alluring suggestions of the lithograph in front of me as was my own general appearance from the illustration in the newspaper advertisement of the clothing house from which I had got my suit.

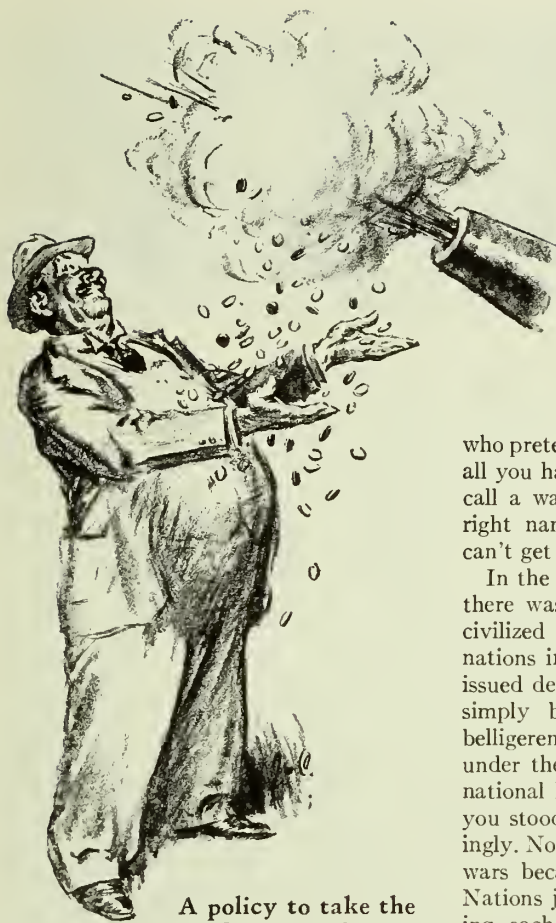
I was informed that the natty uniforms in the picture could be worn, and a swagger stick carried, only on Sunday afternoons, if at all, and that for at least six days and a half each week what you really wore were blue denims and what you really carried were shovels and G. I. cans. It was explained to

You can't think away a dead cat



couldn't start a war if they wanted to. Any schoolboy knows that only Congress, the representatives of the people, can make a war. And, peculiarly enough, these representatives, as members of Congress, are immune from being forced to participate in their little war after they make it.

Not only that, but, between you and me, the Army and Navy aren't ready to produce even a reasonably entertaining



A policy to take the profit out of war

war if they had the chance, much less a thrilling, gigantic, stupendous, super-colossal, double-feature bill worthy of the movie-minded taste of modern America. I do not think this is a state or military secret. Anyhow, it's no secret. And it's no reflection on the personnel of the Army and Navy, either. The only force to the argument of militant pacifists that our armed forces are not really instruments for preserving peace is the fact that they have never been able to reach that condition because of the continuous ballyhoo put out against them by these very pacifists.

So the next war, to the great surprise of a number of our own citizens, will find us as unprepared as the citizens of the enemy country knew we were before that very fact impelled them to start it. That is, it will unless we do something about it.

There is a rather peculiar popular idea that men fight because they *hate*. Really, they mostly fight because they *love*; either love the country, the home, the persons or things they fight for.

And so many people seem to think there is too little righteousness in this world. Personally, I think there is entirely too much, because, as far as I can see, almost all wars and a lot of other troubles come about

because both sides are so all-fired right.

If somebody were to ask me (although I don't know why anybody should) what I thought were the two silliest ideas in the world, I think I should say that the next to the silliest is that nations should go to war to settle their disputes, and that the silliest is the belief that they are anywhere near ready to stop doing it.

There are a lot of people who pretend to believe that to have peace all you have to do is to *think* peace or to call a war by something other than its right name. The difficulty is that you can't get rid of *facts* by either method.

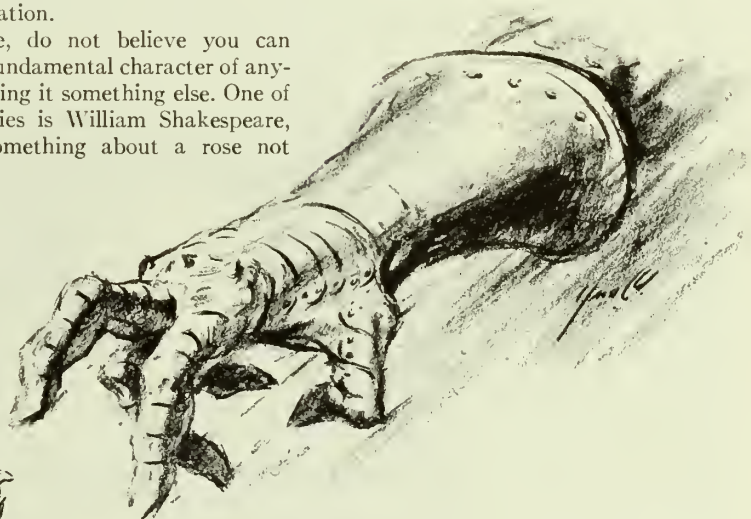
In the old horse-and-buggy days when there was a war everybody was so uncivilized as to call it a war. Even the nations involved promptly and officially issued declarations to that effect. It was simply barbarous. But the rights of belligerents and of neutrals became fixed under the recognized principles of international law. You knew generally where you stood and you were treated accordingly. Nowadays we do not have so many wars because they are not called wars. Nations just start sideswiping and messing each other up and blowing apart civilians, including women and children, for one high-sounding excuse or another. Nobody knows what anybody's rights are, so nobody has any rights. This is called civilization.

I, for one, do not believe you can change the fundamental character of anything by calling it something else. One of my authorities is William Shakespeare, who said something about a rose not

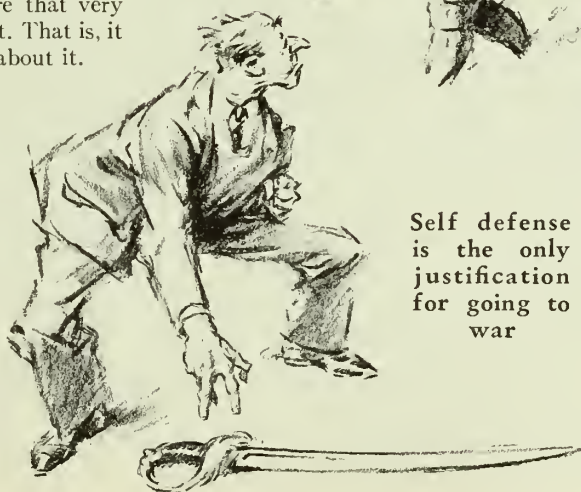
being able to change its smell because you called it a bunch of asparagus, or something like that. We had a very happily married couple in our neighborhood. The husband always called his wife Chickadee and she came back at him with Adonis. The wife weighed, according to the scales at the freight station, exactly 280½ pounds. The husband was five feet tall, bald-headed, bow-legged and pot-bellied. I do not believe you could have tortured any fair minded jury of the neighborhood into finding either of them guilty as charged. But they were Chickadee and Adonis to each other.

I am also old-fashioned enough to believe that you cannot think away conditions which actually exist. I once knew a man who tried to think away a dead cat. The cat, while still in the full enjoyment of its ninth and final life, had climbed through an open window in the small hours of a beautiful moonlit summer morning and for a reason so far undiscovered had died right in the middle of his dining room. And when I say died, I mean died—utterly and permanently. At the time of the unfortunate occurrence this man, who lived all by himself for reasons unnecessary to discuss, was consumed with the study of the subject of the influence of mind over matter, and that everything consisted entirely in what you thought it was.

So here was a great opportunity for a demonstration. He would show the world that dead cat was *not* in his dining room by *thinking* it was not. His eyes tried to



Self defense is the only justification for going to war



persuade him it was there; in a day or so his nose contributed further mute testimony, and then his stomach gently twitted him about it. The man who brought in his meals told him it was there. Some neighbors, who came to call and left very quickly, expressed a similar conviction. The advent of an enthusiastic and energetic delegation of flies and other interested organisms added to the accumulated evidence. But this man held out nobly until finally the Board of Health, after a complaint from someone else, came and removed the cat. This made the (Continued on page 54)

By
*Alexander
Gardiner*

BAY



**As a member of the
Woburn High School nine**

HE WAS born in Woburn, Massachusetts, scarcely five miles from that Lexington where on the morning of April 19, 1775, the Yankee farmers gave the British red coats ball for ball, from behind each fence and farmyard wall. So Daniel Joseph Doherty, first-born of Patrick and Mary Hartin Doherty, very early in his career became acquainted with some of the most hallowed spots of American history—with Concord Bridge and its still reverberating echoes of the shot heard 'round the world, with Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall and other historic shrines of Boston, none of them more than ten miles away from where Dan Doherty was born and still lives.

As for Patrick and Mary Doherty, they had come over from Ireland as children of fifteen and eleven respectively, so it may be taken for granted they were quite satisfied to be settled in a community and a State which

after a hundred and nineteen years were still making a holiday of the anniversary of a fight with the English.

When that same Daniel J. Doherty became National Commander of The American Legion at the New York National Convention last September his mother was there to grace the occasion. But Dan's father, from whom he inherited his short, sturdy physique, died five years ago, serene in the knowledge that the three boys and four girls he and his wife brought to maturity were men and women of both character and attainment.

Dan Doherty's brothers are respectively an oral and an orthopedic surgeon, two of his sisters are trained nurses, and one is a dental hygienist. The fourth sister is married and living in Washington, D. C., the only one Mrs. Mary Doherty doesn't see virtually every day. The National Commander is himself a lawyer with a number of interesting avocations which of late years have had to go unexercised because Daniel J. Doherty was up to his ears in Legion activities, with special

emphasis on work for disabled World War veterans.

There's a Horatio Alger twist to the Doherty career, and the newspapers of Boston, having a grand story dropped in their lap with the election of the Woburn man as National Commander, let themselves go. They dug up the details of his schooling, of his newspaper delivery route, of the way he inspired his brothers and sisters. They interviewed his family and his wife's family and scads of people who knew him in his early days. And of course they got the low-down on his Legion service from the members of Woburn's George A. Campbell Post of The American Legion. The story ran into columns, into pages.

When Dan Doherty came home from the National Convention by way of the Legion Pilgrimage abroad both city and State joined in a welcome to him and his wife that was unmistakably genuine.

**National Commander Doherty,
with his wife and mother, at his
homecoming celebration**



STATES



Woburn's 21,000, plus 80,000 from outside, turn out to accord tumultuous greeting to the home-town boy. Lower right, the National Commander in service days

The signs said "Welcome Home, Danny," bunting was lavishly displayed, and flags were unfurled to the early November breeze, while 80,000 outsiders joined with Woburn's 21,000 population in greeting the National Commander and his wife, and in wishing them good luck.

There was a great parade with more than ten thousand in line, including Legion folk from all of the New England States, reviewed by official bigwigs of Massachusetts and Woburn. At the end of the long parade came the most touching of all the tributes to Dan Doherty, when trumpets and bugles of a girls' drum corps from St. Rita's Catholic Church in neighboring Lowell played the sweetly haunting Londonderry Air that has come to be known as "Danny Boy." An important city election was less than forty-eight hours away, but this day was Dan Doherty's, and politics was adjourned. The homecoming was first page stuff in all the Boston papers next day.

What kind of man is this forty-three-year-old Navy veteran who is the first New Englander to become National Commander of The American Legion? The first thing that impresses you when you meet Dan Doherty is the sincerity of the man, and next what for want of a better word you may call purposefulness. The job that he happens to be doing at the moment has right of way over more distant prospects and responsibilities. It's first things first. He has an engaging smile and blue eyes that light up behind his glasses as he greets you. But Danny Doherty has a jaw that can be firm as a skyscraper's steel girders, and he can say a thing in a blunt fashion that leaves you in no doubt as to where he stands or what he thinks.

Doherty is genuinely religious, but he's tolerant of those whose opinions differ from his. And he doesn't drink or swear. Doherty himself puts his reaction to the liquor matter this way: "I'm a teetotaler

but not a prohibitionist." That statement may be said to typify Danny Doherty. There isn't a millionth of an ounce of priggishness in his hundred and fifty pounds.

The Doherty career is a flowering of those homely virtues that we like to think of as typically American. He early saw that hard work plus intelligence would do more for him than anything else in climbing to the top. As I have said, both his father and mother had been immigrants (they didn't meet until they had become residents of Woburn, and they weren't married until 1893). His father and James D. Haggerty, who started the Woburn *Daily Times* in

(Continued on page 40)



The LIFE of Charles

Editor's FOREWORD

THE American Legion Magazine herewith presents for the first time what the editors believe to be one of the most dramatic stories of individual heroism in the entire World War—the case of Charles G. Clement, once captain commanding Co. E, 328th Infantry, Eighty-second Division, who, courtmartialed for drunkenness while leading a patrol in No Man's Land, was convicted, dismissed the service and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Frankly admitting his guilt of the charges, spurning all claims of extenuation, his only plea was that he be permitted to enlist in the same regiment he had disgraced that he might redeem his lost honor among his own comrades on the battlefield. He was permitted to do so. In combat in the St. Mihiel operation and in the bloody shambles of the Argonne, he repeatedly displayed conspicuous gallantry in rendering valuable services to his regiment, culminating in his death in action.

The first instalment of this remarkable story is acknowledged to be incomplete, as well as erroneous in several particulars. Entirely missing in this first account are brave deeds of the former captain as he sought redemption.

The Editors are indebted to Edison Marshall, noted author and explorer, for the discovery of Ernesto Bisogno, who, a barber in a New York hotel, poured his story into ears that were fully attuned to its dramatic possibilities. Mr. Marshall passed the word on to this magazine—and here is the result.

The American Legion Magazine prints this first instalment despite its faults because it was through the initiative and a determined, persistent campaign of its

author, an ex-private of the Headquarters Company, 328th Infantry, that their interest in the story was first aroused.

Bisogno's entirely unselfish motive in seeking to have the facts presented, as he recalled them after twenty years, was in the hope that steps would be taken to proclaim publicly that the former captain fully redeemed his honor, and that in consequence his rank should be restored posthumously.

In the next issue of The American Legion Magazine the complete and accurate facts in the case of Charles G. Clement will be presented. The detailed story—an epic of moral courage as well as physical bravery—necessitated travels of more than 3000 miles by a representative of this magazine to talk with all principals still living—those who had known Clement, in his boyhood and youth—as a company commander before his trouble—the facts of the incident resulting in his arrest—the story of his court-martial, and details of his subsequent heroic career. Everywhere the investigator secured from the former associates of Charles G. Clement full co-operation and a complete unanimity of opinion that the memory of this gallant soldier should receive highest honors in death, in fulfilment of his sacrifices. We believe that this story constitutes an epic of pure patriotism deserving of perpetuation as an ideal of a great soldier who gallantly redeemed a youthful mistake.

The war had no more heroic figure than Private Clement, ex-company commander

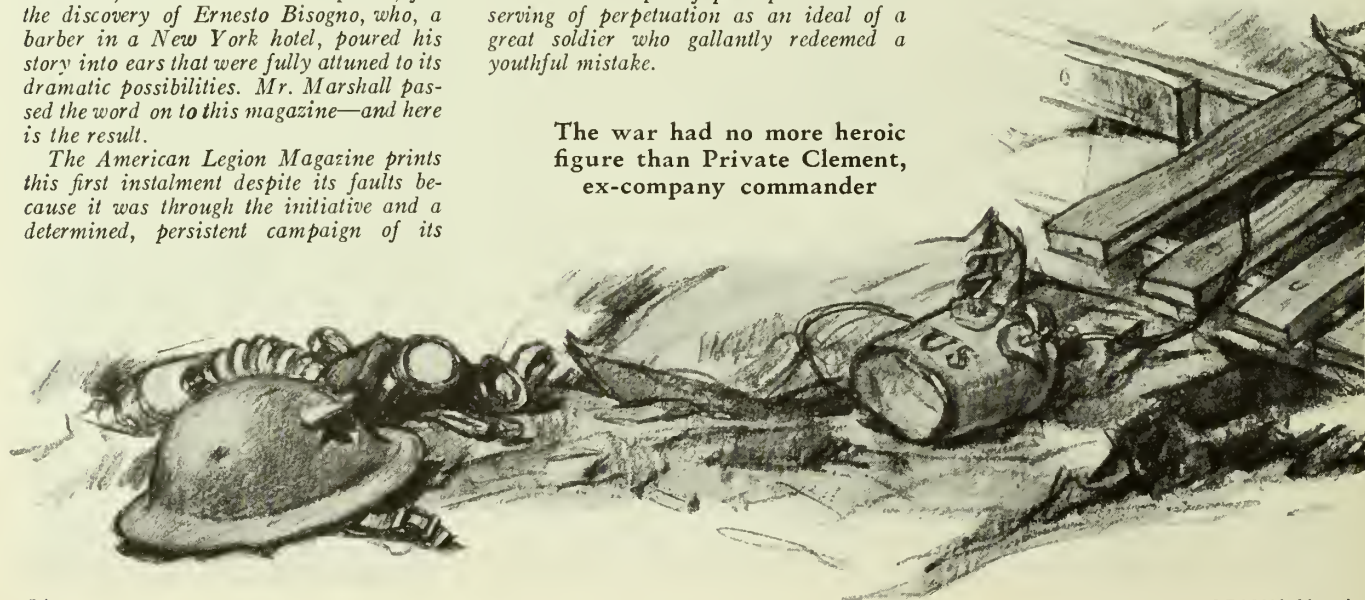
By
ERNESTO BISOGNO

IN A cemetery close by the little church in Châtel-Chéhéry we had finished burying the nearby dead.

They were many. It was a sickening job, some smelled so bad. This was the fourth day of slaughter. On Cornay Ridge to the west and north our men still were catching hell as they stormed onward.

Then the chaplain said to me, "There are more up there, Bisogno. Will you come with me?" I said I would, but first we kneeled to pray to our Holy Father in the church, for the firing was heavy.

They had taken the ridge only a short time before we got there. Wounded and killed were everywhere. The walking wounded we directed to the first aid station. As we went on there were so many bodies two men could not bury



and DEATH G. Clement

them. Then enemy fire grew more intense. Under the scream and crash of shells and the whine of bullets we flopped together into a shell crater. When fire slackened a little the chaplain said we should go back to get more volunteers to help us. Then—

I knew there was something familiar about one of the two bodies lying in a shell-hole at the very edge of the crest, even though it was stretched face down. In one hand was a pistol, a hand-grenade lay near the other. I turned the body to see the face—and then a lump came into my throat. It was as though something was choking me so hard I couldn't cry. It was my dearest friend, he who had once been a captain! A hole through his iron hat and another, square in his forehead, explained how he had died—a sniper's bullet had got him



Illustration by
RAYMOND SISLEY

WHEN I sat in Ernesto Bisogno's barber chair in a New York hotel and heard him tell about his buddy and hero, Captain (Private) Charles G. Clement, I was no more interested in the dramatic story than in Bisogno himself.

He is of Italian parentage, but for patriotism and American feeling he makes most of us old settlers look to our laurels. Writing is not his long suit, yet he had carefully recorded every least memory that he had of Clement, not to see his own name in a great national magazine, not for any personal reward, but simply to try to do justice to a dead hero almost forgotten, to preserve his story, and to win it its proper place in the history of his country and the World War. When *The American Legion Magazine* gave him a check for his story, he offered to turn it over to members of Clement's family in case they were in need.

We were left holding the bag of the war, bamboozled and betrayed, but at least we have found in it men like Bisogno, legions of them, whose vague patriotic instincts have been transfigured to the living, working and conquering force of Americanism.

EDISON MARSHALL

through the head. He had not been dead long. The body was not yet rigid. On the limp sleeve of his tunic was the single stripe of a private first class. Oh, I am sure he (Continued on page 50)



MICE *and* MEN

BY HUGH SCOTT, M.D.

*Manager, Edward Hines Jr. Center,
Veterans Administration, Hines, Illinois*

IN THIS article you will encounter a strange mixture of rabbits and men and women, of science and sickness and health. It starts with a research in Germany to find a way for recognizing the onset of women's long months of child-bearing, and leads on to the reason why one room at a Veterans Administration hospital is filled with cages of young female white mice. Likewise, to why every week a few squads of these young lady rodents march gallantly to their deaths that useful life may continue for men who served their country eighteen years ago.

As World War veterans grow older, the ailments to which they are most subject change. Ten years ago tuberculosis was their major scourge. Now many are entering the period when occurs the highest incidence of tumors, the more deadly of which are the malignant cancers.

The worst thing about cancer, from the standpoint both of the patients and of the medical profession, has been the

difficulty of recognizing it in the early stages, and of telling how successfully it is being fought during treatment. Surgeons have for years been cutting to rid the human body of this hostile development. More recently a standard treatment for some types of tumors has been radium and Roentgen rays. Sometimes any cancer treatment works out successfully; again, not so well. In the past the one way to appraise results has been empirical: a cancer patient who has been treated either suffered eventual return of the malady or else could be presumed cured because it did not return.

During the past few years scientists have developed a laboratory technique which, for one type of cancer, overcomes some of these time-honored weaknesses of procedure. We can now diagnose this kind of cancer even at an early stage and keep track of its development—which is particularly important because it happens to be one which usually grows very rapidly. Moreover, this same laboratory

method measures quantitatively the improvement or lack of improvement in the patient following treatment. The test is demonstrably correct more than ninety percent of the time. So when it finds no cancer, the verdict relieves the dread and nervous tension of the individual who suspected he had this ailment.

First worked out for an entirely different purpose in Germany, the method has been developed by scientific workers in several centers. Cancer specialists recognize that much of the progress has been at two American clinical and research centers: Memorial Hospital in New York City, and Edward Hines Jr. Center of the Veterans Administration at Hines, Illinois, near Chicago. We at Hines are proud of this development. Not only is it a major contribution to science, but also it has been of specific aid in prolonging the useful lives of many service men.

The particular tumor type is known to medical men as teratoma. It occurs principally in the genito-urinary tract of

males and in tissues arising from the genital ridge which starts downward from the sixth rib region, well up in the chest. It has a peculiarly deadly reputation even among cancers because it seldom shows its presence to the senses until it has made a good deal of progress, and because once started it grows so rapidly. Until very recently, of those patients at Hines with this disease, twenty percent died within the year. Today this figure is down to around seven percent. The remaining ninety-three percent are able to go about their daily tasks, perhaps thousands of miles from Hines, serenely knowing that by simply co-operating at no cost to themselves in money or effort they will be under such close laboratory supervision that at the first sign of a recurrence we shall know it and bring them back to the hospital for

The arrival room for mice in the tumor research laboratories at Hines. On opposite page, injecting a live mouse with material from a cancer patient. The little lady under the glass funnel is ready for special organ study

further treatment. The method has been in use for only a couple of years, so that it is not yet scientifically permissible to say that it has brought a greater than previous proportion of cures. But nobody can deny that it has prolonged the lives of many patients who otherwise would have been dead by now. It also seems reasonable to expect that a larger number of these will ultimately prove cured.

LABORATORY use of mice has made possible this improvement. Not just any mice, but young, virgin, female white mice. These animals must be three weeks old, because only then are they weaned. They must be not over four weeks old by the time the tests are completed. They must be just so in age, weight, and ancestry.

Only in recent years has much been known about hormones, which are chemical substances secreted in minute quantities by the ductless or endocrine glands. The human body contains many endocrine glands, some of them closely related to reproduction. Several of the hormones likewise function in this field.

Some hormones are definitely female

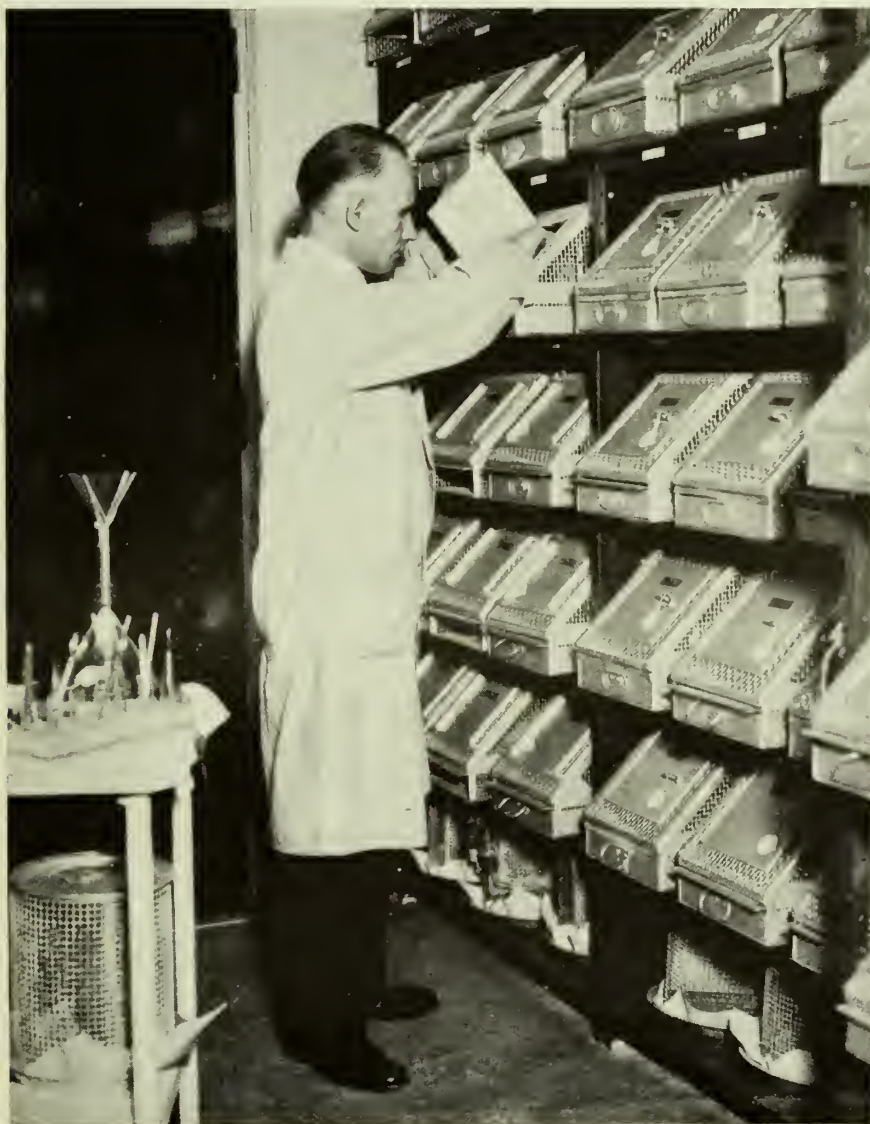
in type, others male. But a strange fact is that men yield not only male but also small quantities of female hormones, while women likewise yield traces of male hormones. Normally these are very definitely in balance. Under some conditions, notably during pregnancy, normal hormone proportions are radically altered.

Using this fact, a German researcher developed a definite test for pregnancy, by which a rabbit inoculated with fluid from the woman presently supplied the right answer. Other scientists suspected a relationship between these reactions and the teratoma cancers. The idea worked, but only in a few of the cases. The reason for its unreliability, as subsequently discovered, was simple. A man suffering from teratoma secretes far more of this particular hormone than a healthy man. Still, his output is nowhere so large as a pregnant woman's. The teratoma victim, except in an advanced stage, yields not enough of this hormone to produce a recognizable effect upon an animal as large as a rabbit. The test was tried on mice. Because they are small, a similar dosage of this hormone affects them much more violently. The mouse test is much more sensitive than the rabbit test, is right more than nine times out of ten. So the technique now got away to a fine start.

The hormone in question is named Prolan A. The more advanced the stage of the teratoma, the greater the quantity of Prolan A found in a man's secretions. Any man showing more than the tiny normal amount of Prolan A is suspect. The smaller the excess over normal, the less damage has probably occurred and the better the chances of arresting the trouble. Likewise, the patient who is helped by treatment promptly shows a decrease in Prolan A. If, therefore, after treatment he drops to a normal proportion of Prolan A and remains there, the progress of the disease has certainly been arrested.

WE ARE keeping a monthly check on all patients who will co-operate to the extent of mailing in a sample for examination. It seems probable, even though not yet proved because the test has been in use for too short a time, that the man whose Prolan A tests remain at a level, low figure for a year or two is cured. Whether or not he is cured, his disease is making no progress during this time, he is still alive, living with his family, usefully and happily working. And to this extent it is a net gain, whatever may be the final result.

How are the mice used? In this way, that a young, virgin, female mouse does not normally develop certain of her reproductive organs to an adult stage until she reaches the age of four weeks. But if she is injected with a definite quantity of Prolan A, at least the amount which when found in one litter of material we term one (Continued on page 52)



NO PLACE for a LADY

A Short Short Story

By

R.G. KIRK

WHEN Kristy Nisonen, special writer, got the sandhog assignment and headed for the river, she had no idea who the tunnel boss would be. So when she saw

MICHAEL CARLIN
SUPERINTENDENT

on an inner door of the contractor's office, the color left her cheeks.

Three years ago she and Mike had parted.

"No, Mike," she had said then. "I will not marry a miner. I couldn't stand the daily terror, loving you as I do. I lost my father, Mike, and then my brother, underground. But I'll not lose a husband that way. I'd rather try to forget you."

But Michael Carlin was a stubborn man. Good miners have to be.

"A man has got his work," said Mike. "My wife will have to help dig tunnels for the world."

But Kristy Nisonen, remembering dreadful waitings of silent Finnish women—one her mother—at the head of deep northern Michigan copper shafts, steeled herself to refusal.

So they had said goodbye.

Forget? Three silent years that ached with memories had passed. As far as he knew she was still writing women's sports for the *Free Lance* in Chicago. She had been thinking of him as still piercing mountains for the Los Angeles aqueduct.

And here they both were, in New York. He had made good, of course. A superintendent. And on the most dangerous tunnel work of all. But she could not face him after three years and say No again. She knew that now.

She was about to turn and run for it. She'd tell the boss she couldn't get a story. She had warned the editor. No woman could go underground. It meant disaster. She knew that superstition, old as mining.

But the young man who had been standing in a dumb trance, looking from Kristy's card to Kristy's figure, finally found voice.

"The chief is underground," he managed. "Your phone call only said 'reporter'—not that you'd be a girl . . . Well, anyhow, Mr. Carlin said to take you to the tunnel's end. Do you want to come?"

What did it mean? Was she to go underground? Had Time marched on that far? Of course he had said "end," not, properly, "face." Maybe the catch was there.

"Oh, yes indeed," she said. "I want to go with you, Mister—"

"Howell," he said, "Joe," and opened the door for her.

But instead of going inland, toward the shaft that dropped down to the tunnel, he turned toward the river. Puzzled, she followed to the wharf.

"Out there," young Mr. Howell said, and pointed to a white patch on the river's ominous gray, a hundred yards off shore, where myriad bubbles frothed up to the surface.

Then they were in a little skiff which Joe pulled square across the submarine air fountain, so that the ghostly whisper of the rising bubbles gibbered against the thin wood under them.

"This is the tunnel's end, Miss Nisonen," said Joe.

Just like Mike, with his quick insight, to send a writer there. A trick to stir the duller of imaginations. Directly under them, under this pitiless gray flood, so sinisterly quiet, inconceivable in strength—below the treacherous slime and muck through which it writhed, were living men.

"They're in bad ground down there," Joe Howell was explaining, as he held the

skiff against the current. "Sand and gravel. Like a sieve. A million tiny passages run through it, and if air wasn't rising through them, the water would be running down—into the tunnel. The air is under pressure. That keeps the river out. But high air is hard on men. Right now they only work an hour at a stretch."

Below her, in that pressure, Mike Carlin moved and breathed. Kristy Nisonen stared fascinated at the patch of rising foam. In it the breath of Mike Carlin bubbled up beside her, out of terrifying depths.

"Sometimes," Joe Howell was informing her, "a blowhole opens through the river bed. And the high air buzzing through it tears it bigger. Soon it would be so big that the air couldn't keep the water out—and then calamity, for sure. But the miners always have a bale of hay at hand. And when she blows, in goes a bunch of hay, and the muck mixing with it makes a plug which the high air jams home . . . Look there now! There's a blow! See her boil! Now watch for hay!"

Wisps of it came up, sure enough. Wisps of hay! Air bubbles! Holding a river up! And Michael Carlin working underneath it!

"What's that?" Sudden alarm rang in Joe Howell's voice. "Look! Look there!"

Kristy's heart drained. There, gesturing grotesquely with its empty sleeves in the supporting bubbles, floated a man's coat.

Joe shot the small skiff to it, dragged it overside. Then his oars bent as he hauled for shore.

"Somebody stuffed it in a blow," he panted. "A bad one. Big enough to take the coat right through. Trouble below."

Trouble below; and Mike down there, beneath that merciless great river. If only she could help him fight those ghastly odds. If only she were with him.

"That's not a miner's coat," said Joe. "They don't wear coats. Shirts either. Looks to me like—"

But Kristy knew whose coat it was.

Illustration by
DAN CONTENT



He snatched off his coat and shoved it into the gaping hole

Like a good storyhound—or like a girl in love—or both, she had gone through the pockets. In a compartment of a soggy bill-fold she had found the picture of a girl—herself.

SO IT came about that Kristy Nisonen found herself once more waiting at a shaft head. A group of burly men in waistboots and sou'westers waited with her—the next turn. The cage came up. A load of other burly men stepped off—all muck and water drenched. And with them, coatless, sopping, mudstreaked, grinning and red-headed—Michael Carlin.

Hidden behind the head frame house she listened, weak with joy.

"Got 'er licked, Arny," said Mike Carlin to the shift boss waiting to go down. "Had a bad minute, but you'll be in good ground now. The boys were cutting wire on a bale of hay when a big blow opened. I yanked my coat off and

slammed it in the hole; and the air shoved it right up out of sight. But we had hay loose by then, and a couple bushels plugged 'er. And not a half hour after that, Pat Roney got his shovel through the gravel into good stiff clay. Know why? I have been thoughtless, Arny. Been rushing down there without changing clothes—and with the picture of a woman in my coat! Soon as she got blown through the roof, luck changed. Finest girl ever, Arny, but we miners know—a tunnel's no place for a lady."

NOT many minutes later Michael Carlin stepped through his office door. Then he stood still to catch his breath, which is what all men do when they lay eyes unexpectedly on the pale

hair, and the bewildering figure, and the almost improper Finnish healthiness of Kristy Nisonen.

"Kristy!" cried Michael Carlin.

"Here's your coat," said Kristy.

Then—when at last her mouth was free to talk, "I could see that river ripping down into your tunnel, Mike. Gravel and sand and boulders, and savage grinding water, and the dark—and you." She clutched him tightly. "Oh, let me help you fight it, Mike. Let me help all I can. Swell homemade pies, Mike, with love added to the recipes, and well stirred in; an airy, sunny house; a big white bed that a tired man can hit for keeps; a couple hemp-haired kids, huh Mike?—and me. Would that help lick the mountains and the rivers, Mike?"

Would it? If Kristy Nisonen had any doubt about it after Mike Carlin's answer, she was certainly one hard girl to convince.



Bats are gadgets without which any baseball game would be a kazoo. But did you ever hear of baked bats?

Slicker STUFF

By

JIM HURLEY

IT WAS no way to treat the Yankees. Champions of all the baseball world by virtue of sloughing the Giants in that six-game World Series of 1936, they were off to a good start last spring.

That was as it should be; they were lords of all they surveyed, they had the power—Gehrig, Dimaggio, Dickey, et al.,—and the pitching, too. Other teams might be expected to go through the motions of opposing them, but surely no outfit could really hope to overwhelm them.

But that's exactly what happened last May 20th. The White Sox made them look like sandlotters largely because

Thornton Lee had held them to three hits. It was the first victory of the season for any of the Western teams in the Yankee Stadium.

That humiliating defeat of his favorite ball team didn't set well with Doc Painter, the Yankee trainer. What to do? He remembered that Lou Gehrig had complained recently that the bats and balls sounded dead. Painter had an idea. Why not put the bats in a nice warm place over night where they could dry?

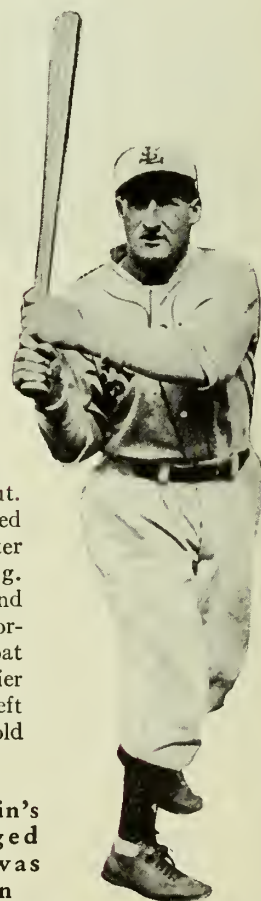
Of course they were thoroughly dry before they left the factory, but Doc figured that it didn't do them any good being tossed around on the damp ground on drear spring days. Into the oven used for drying out ballplayers' uniforms and other things they went.

Those were hot bats the Yankees used the next day when they defeated St. Louis 4 to 3 in 12 innings. Then followed a 14 to 2 triumph over the Browns, a 7 to 3 win from Cleveland and a 14 to 0 shutout

of the same team. Detroit was the next victim, yielding three successive games, one of them a 7 to 0 shutout. Everyone agreed that Doc Painter had something.

Doc had found out that the thoroughly dried bat was lots livelier than the one left around in the cold

Goose Goslin's camouflaged war-club was frowned on



**The late John McGraw,
king of foul ball hitters**

and the damp. Thereafter the Yankee weapons of warfare were put away in the drier religiously every night. And who will deny that hot bats were efficacious for the Yankees?

B a k i n g those Yankee bludgeons was one of those tricks of the trade—artifices not provided for in the rules, yet not proscribed—employed in athletic competition. Almost every branch of sport has them—special treatment of the implements used in the game, extra protection for the participants, something used by one player which will give him an advantage over the other fellow.

Sometimes an athlete will bob up with an idea or a contraption to help him excel in his chosen field which will send the authorities of the particular sport he is engaged in scurrying to the rule-books to ascertain its legitimacy. Often nothing can be found permitting it, but neither

will there be anything forbidding it. Then follows an appeal to the highest authority in the sport for a ruling.

Such a situation arose early in the season of 1935 when Goose Goslin, Detroit, employed his famous camouflaged bat. Goose went in for real war-stuff camouflage—irregular lines of neutral color paint running lengthwise along the bat. Soon rival pitchers were complaining. They couldn't savvy the Goose's stance, couldn't dope out where

his bat was. Then the rival managers howled to Will Harridge, president of the league. There was nothing in the rules saying that a player could or couldn't camouflage his war club, but President Harridge ruled it out in the general interests of harmony.

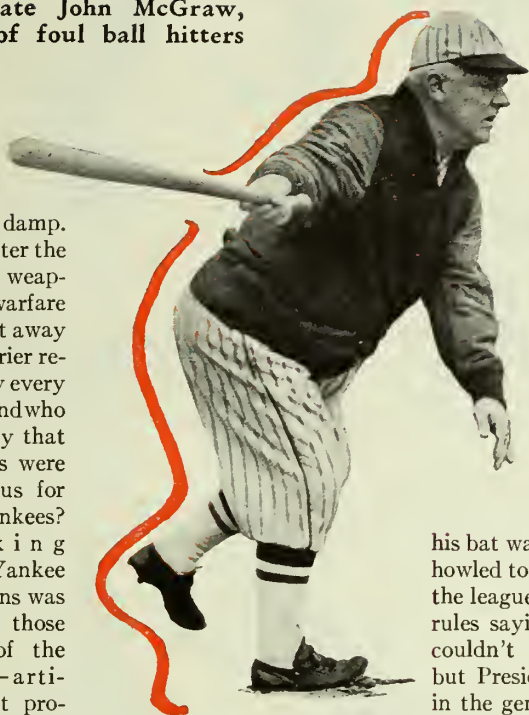
Baseball has been replete with these tricks of the trade, having perhaps more of them than any other sport, but a good many of them passed out early in the present century. From 1895 to 1901 the intentional foul was nothing short of an evil and was finally responsible for our present foul-strike rule.

Three players in the National League of those days were notorious foulers-off, John McGraw and Hughie Jennings of Baltimore Oriole fame and Roy Thomas, centerfielder of the Philadelphia club, who was an

interested spectator at the last World Series between Giants and Yankees.

Fouling off good balls was their trick of the trade, and it is said that they could stand at the plate all day spoiling good balls by fouling them on the ground behind first and third. They could, and did, do it with impunity—all except Jennings, who was beamed several times by exasperated pitchers.

Jennings had a peculiar batting stance which made it difficult for him to duck out of the way when a ball was bearing down on him. With these famous foulers-offers spoiling every good ball a pitcher would throw up (Continued on page 58)



**Burleigh Grimes got
his slippery elm cuds
from Yellow Lake,
Wisconsin**



Why are the sticks taped? Protective coloration—that's all

GOOFY

By

BARRON
C. WATSON

Cartoons by
GEORGE SHANKS

A HALF century or so ago an American sailor named Mahan announced that he had gone carefully over the records and discovered that every war ever waged between two major powers had been won by the side that gained and kept control of the sea. No one disputed this conclusion. What has happened since then has only gone to confirm Admiral Mahan's statement.

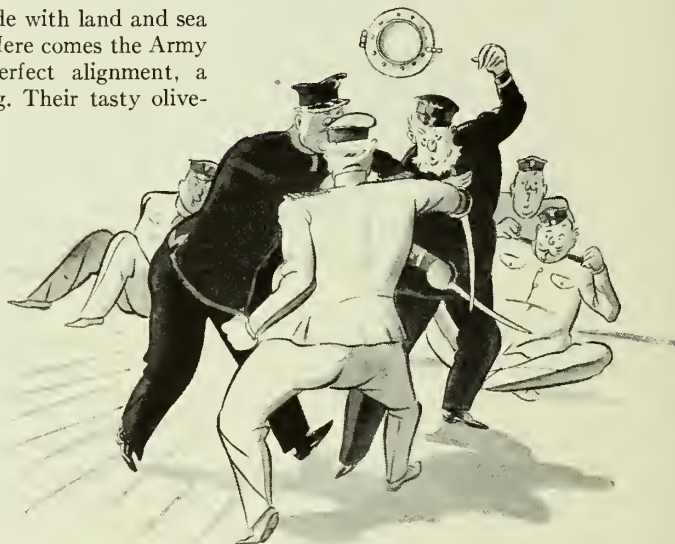
In other words, the navy is always the decisive factor in war. And in still plainer words, the Navy won The War.

Now one would suppose that the military branch with such a glorious historical background would be a proud and imposing organization. But it isn't. Anywhere except at sea the boys in blue are prone to be rather ridiculous, and even afloat there are quite often queer doings.

Look at any parade with land and sea forces represented. Here comes the Army—trim, erect, in perfect alignment, a fighting-looking gang. Their tasty olive-drab uniforms fit every man-jack to a T. Boots and cordovan puttees gleam on the shape-ly legs of officers who carry themselves as straight as so many stanchions. Their well-groomed mounts go by, dancing sideways to the swing and thump of the marching music. The caissons go rumbling past, and they look mighty ominous and businesslike. Of course any fair six-inch gun crew in the broadside could shoot rings around one of these old mortars, but these men and their equipment make a stirring and inspiring spectacle, even a sailor will admit.

And now here comes the Navy! If these lads aren't round-shouldered, who would know it from the cut of those preposterous blouses? Their pants are too tight at the top, and a lot too big around the bottom. Their big brown paws

hang flopping out of the bell sleeves. They learned to keep in line by toeing a deck seam behind No. 3 turret, and now they can't see the seam. The officers



Armed with regular Navy swords, not very sharp on the edge

don't rate any horses, and they have to plod along with the tops of their trousers stuffed into silly little canvas leggins. There are slits cut in the tails of their sack coats, and their swords dangle out of them.

Take a gander at that old CPO, the old shellback trying to set the pace up at the head of the column. Never been in step in his life. He knows how to make marine machinery sit up and say "Aye, aye, sir," but just now his starboard foot is trying to catch up a half beat on the band and the bunion on his port side is very bad, and he wishes he were back aboard.

They not only can't parade, but also they can't even seem to speak the mother tongue like landmen. When it's seven o'clock they call it six bells. Instead of inquiring if smoking is permitted they ask if the smoking lamp is lit. They don't go to the toilet; they go to the head. Half their sentences are hindsides to: they will bawl out "Lay aft all the messcooks," and "Go over the side the sidecleaners." (These orders are preceded by a tootle on a little toy whistle.) The leadman in the chains who wants to say that he has found eight and a half fathoms will sing out "And a half, eight!"



Queer actions for a lieutenant in the Navy

Until Josephus Daniels put a stop to it, officers in the Navy who wanted the helmsman to roll his wheel to starboard and so turn the ship's head to starboard used to say to him "Port!" And if they wanted to go to port they would con the man at the wheel thus: "Starboard!" (Just in passing, orders aren't given to the man at the wheel; the wheel is always conned.) Merchant mariners still use this backhanded style in the wheelhouse, and it irks the old timers in the Navy no end because they can't do it, too. But regulations are regulations.

Why are navy men, and all other sailors, like this? Why don't they spruce up and be regular and normal? Well, I think I have an inkling of an idea.

One night in 1917 or 1918 I had come off watch on a battleship at four o'clock in the morning and was down in the mess-room raiding the sideboard. There was another man there, a lieutenant just come off watch in the engine room. He had come from the Coast Guard service and had been to sea all his life.

He said to me, "Watson, you're nuts."

"How true that is," I said, "And you?"

aren't very bad yet, but of course they were a little off their nuts to start with, or such an idea would never have occurred to them, and they'll grow steadily worse as they get rolled around and the salt soaks into them. It's a pitiful thing."

Perhaps it will help to illustrate what I am trying to develop here if I should mention that during this conversation the lieutenant was busily pulling the innards out of a player-piano that belonged to the mess and hiding small parts behind picture frames, in back of sideboard drawers and such places. He disliked a certain piece of music that one of the members of the mess persisted in pedaling out on the piano.

I agree with this piano-wrecker about the mental state of sailormen. However, don't misunderstand us. We both considered this marine malady a kind of divine madness, and we were both quite in sympathy with Mahan's theory, too.

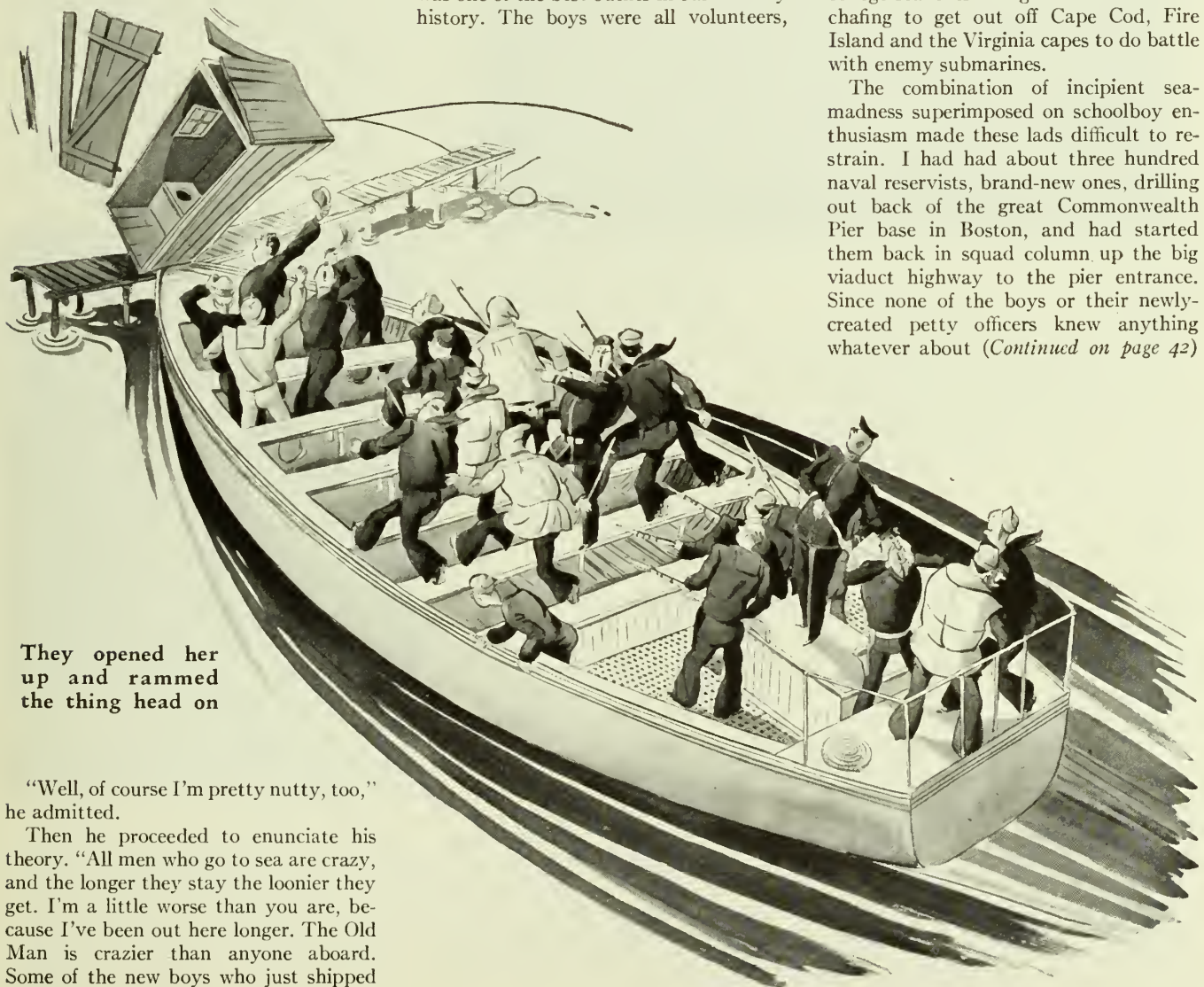
As an example of maritime mania in its milder form, there was the United States Naval Reserve Force of twenty years or so ago. Everyone seems to have just about forgotten the old U. S. N. R. F. Very few people paid much attention to it at any time, for that matter. And yet in raw material, quality and spirit this was one of the best outfits in our military history. The boys were all volunteers,



The ghost would sway past a port in the hull

and very few of them enlisted to escape the draft—that would have been jumping out of the frying pan into a skillet of deep fat. They ran to a large percentage of college students and graduates who were chafing to get out off Cape Cod, Fire Island and the Virginia capes to do battle with enemy submarines.

The combination of incipient sea-madness superimposed on schoolboy enthusiasm made these lads difficult to restrain. I had had about three hundred naval reservists, brand-new ones, drilling out back of the great Commonwealth Pier base in Boston, and had started them back in squad column up the big viaduct highway to the pier entrance. Since none of the boys or their newly-created petty officers knew anything whatever about (Continued on page 42)

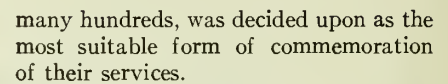


They opened her up and rammed the thing head on

"Well, of course I'm pretty nutty, too," he admitted.

Then he proceeded to enunciate his theory. "All men who go to sea are crazy, and the longer they stay the loonier they get. I'm a little worse than you are, because I've been out here longer. The Old Man is crazier than anyone aboard. Some of the new boys who just shipped

By John Black



An unusual undertaking grew out of one Legion post's decision to erect an honor roll. Quite inadvertently, this Post's publicity brought to public notice the fact that certain citizens of the town who had served in the War of the Revolution had been neglected for one hundred fifty years. The patriots of the town were startled, not to say chagrined, at the disclosure. They called a hurried meeting. Something had to be done. And something *was* done. Shortly after the unveiling of the honor roll to the heroes of 1918, the town witnessed a second unveiling, of an honor roll to the heroes of 1776.

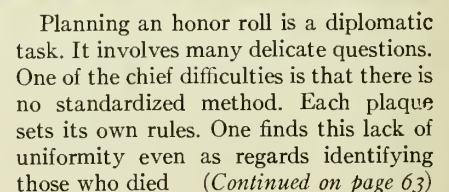
They are the tribute of a grateful nation to its World War veterans, a tribute in which all manner of American organizations participated—commercial bodies, municipalities, fraternities, veterans' societies (our own Legion Posts loom large in the picture), schools, colleges, churches.

The honor roll custom had its inception shortly after the war. The first plaques appeared late in 1919, just as the last troops were returning from France. The idea proved popular and spread rapidly, carrying the movement far and wide until about five years later it reached its peak. While the records of the honor roll manufacturers show a sharp drop in demand for plaques since 1925, the movement is by no means at an end. So, if your own town should still lack an honor roll,

do not conclude that it never will have one.

All sorts of odd stories underlie the honor-roll custom. The idea has won such wide popularity that it is no longer limited to commemorating the service of World War veterans. Indeed, it is not even limited to the human species—as witness the case of the A. E. F. veterans in one western community who put up a plaque to honor the dead among their service horses.

Then, too, the honor roll can serve to commemorate notable war work by civilians. In one Illinois town during 1917 and 1918 war drives of various kinds had placed an exceptionally heavy burden on the employes of the town's chief industry—a large manufacturing plant. These employes showed such fine spirit in the emergency that the heads of the firm decided their service deserved permanent recognition. An honor roll, listing the names of the entire personnel, totaling



ARE YOU UNEMPLOYED?

BY UNANIMOUS vote of the Nineteenth National Convention at New York last September, the problem of the unemployed Legionnaire was made a major program of The American Legion during 1938, "second only to rehabilitation." To all intents and purposes it may be said that the Convention voted to make common cause of the veteran in need of rehabilitation, be it physical or economic.

It requires the services of no expert prophet to make it clear to everybody that the problem of the unemployed veteran is likely to grow more rather than less acute as time goes on—and this without regard to the specific state of the nation.

It is a problem with which The American Legion has long been familiar. The question of reabsorbing more than four and a half million men confronted the nation and the newborn Legion with the cessation of hostilities, and the "baby depression" of 1921 gave the Legion, by then effectively functioning, an opportunity to perform valuable field work in a serious employment crisis.

But in 1921 the average Legionnaire was only twenty-eight years old. Twenty-eight is not middle-age by any employment standard (with the possible exception of Hollywood). The eventual reabsorption of men of twenty-eight could not fail of accomplishment with the return of better times following recovery from the hangover of the boom days of wartime. The Legion hastened that process measurably, as a study of the files of *The American Legion Weekly* of that period discloses in abundance.

TODAY the average Legionnaire is in the neighborhood of forty-five years old. To a man of forty-five who is out of work the employment crisis is infinitely more acute than it is to a man of twenty-eight or even of thirty-five. The problem did not slip up on the Legion unawares. The Legion has a comprehensive grasp of exactly what it is up against, as was made plain in articles by Chairman Forrest G. Cooper of the National Veterans Employment Committee and Maryland Department Commander J. Bryan Hobbs which appeared in these pages during the past year.

The National Veterans Employment Committee, which is headed this year by Past National Vice Commander Jack Crowley of Vermont, is fully alive to the task ahead of it. It needs data, however, to indicate the full extent of the task, and with this end in view the New York National Convention mandated the whole organization to "obtain, by using *The American Legion Magazine*, a live registration of our unemployed members, to determine the extent of and possible solution of our unemployed members' problem."

Pursuant to this National Convention resolution, The American Legion Magazine hereby asks every unemployed Legionnaire to prepare an informal statement of his personal situation, embodying therein any data which he thinks pertinent to the problem of which he forms an unfortunate unit—age, physical condition, family status, occupation when last employed, economic capacity, anything directly or remotely bearing on his own particular situation. For the employment problem in the Legion is the sum of all these individual crises. Address your statement to

EMPLOYMENT REGISTRATION,
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,
THE AMERICAN LEGION,
INDIANAPOLIS,
INDIANA.

IT WILL not be acknowledged, nor, at this time certainly, will it be possible for National Headquarters to enter into personal correspondence with individual registrants. The idea of the registration is to enable the National Veterans Employment Committee to measure the scope of the problem ahead of it, and to find means to solve the problem by the method of unified procedure rather than by scattering its effectiveness in attempting to cope with individual cases on any national basis.

All the power and proved effectiveness of The American Legion are behind this major endeavor. The unemployed Legionnaire will not be abandoned in the hour of his need by his wartime buddies.

My BEAT was

BY CHARLES C. HERRICK

*Illustration
by
Raymond Sisley*

THIS is a tale told by an M. P., full of sound and fury, signifying—well, roll your own moral.

Told by an M. P.? Yes, that's what I was. Now you say sarcastic-like: "Who won the war? The M. P.'s!" Then I tell you something. The Paris detachment of the Military Police, with which I had the honor to serve, wore more D. S. C.'s per hundred men than any regiment in the A. E. F. Many of them had been wounded and marked not fit for further front-line duty. They were given assignment to Paris as a reward. Short of being sent home, could you beat it? Unpopular detail, my eye! Wise babies cried for it.

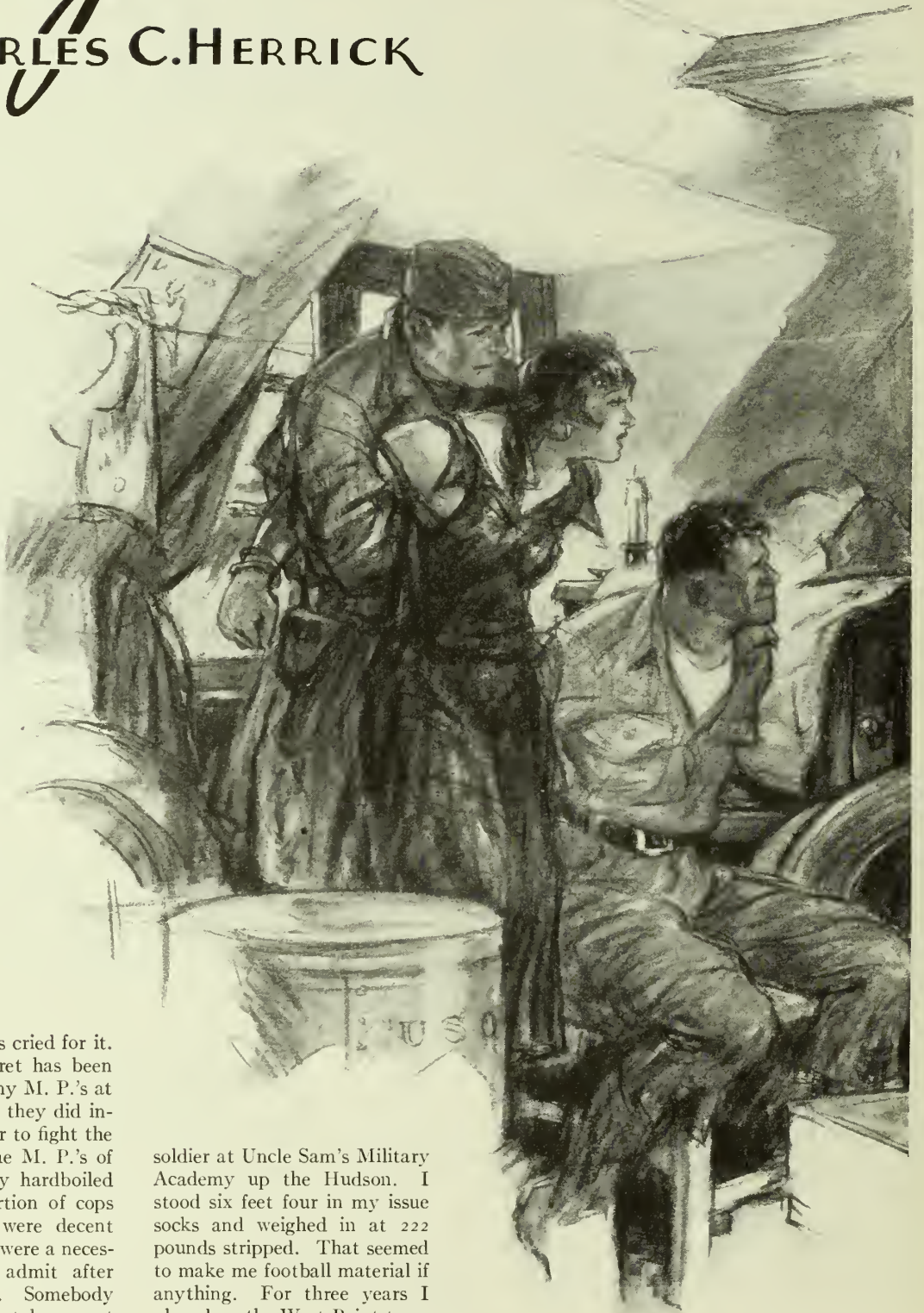
A certain amount of regret has been expressed that there were any M. P.'s at all, and there is no denying they did interfere with volunteers eager to fight the battle of Paris. While some M. P.'s of all ranks were unnecessarily hardboiled and officious, like a proportion of cops anywhere, most of them were decent about being killjoys. They were a necessary evil, you'll have to admit after years for calmer reflection. Somebody had to keep Paris from being taken apart by the glorious Allies.

I must first tell something about myself, since it explains how I came to be an M. P. and leads into the yarn of the Yank who was regarded as one of the A. E. F.'s toughest eggs.

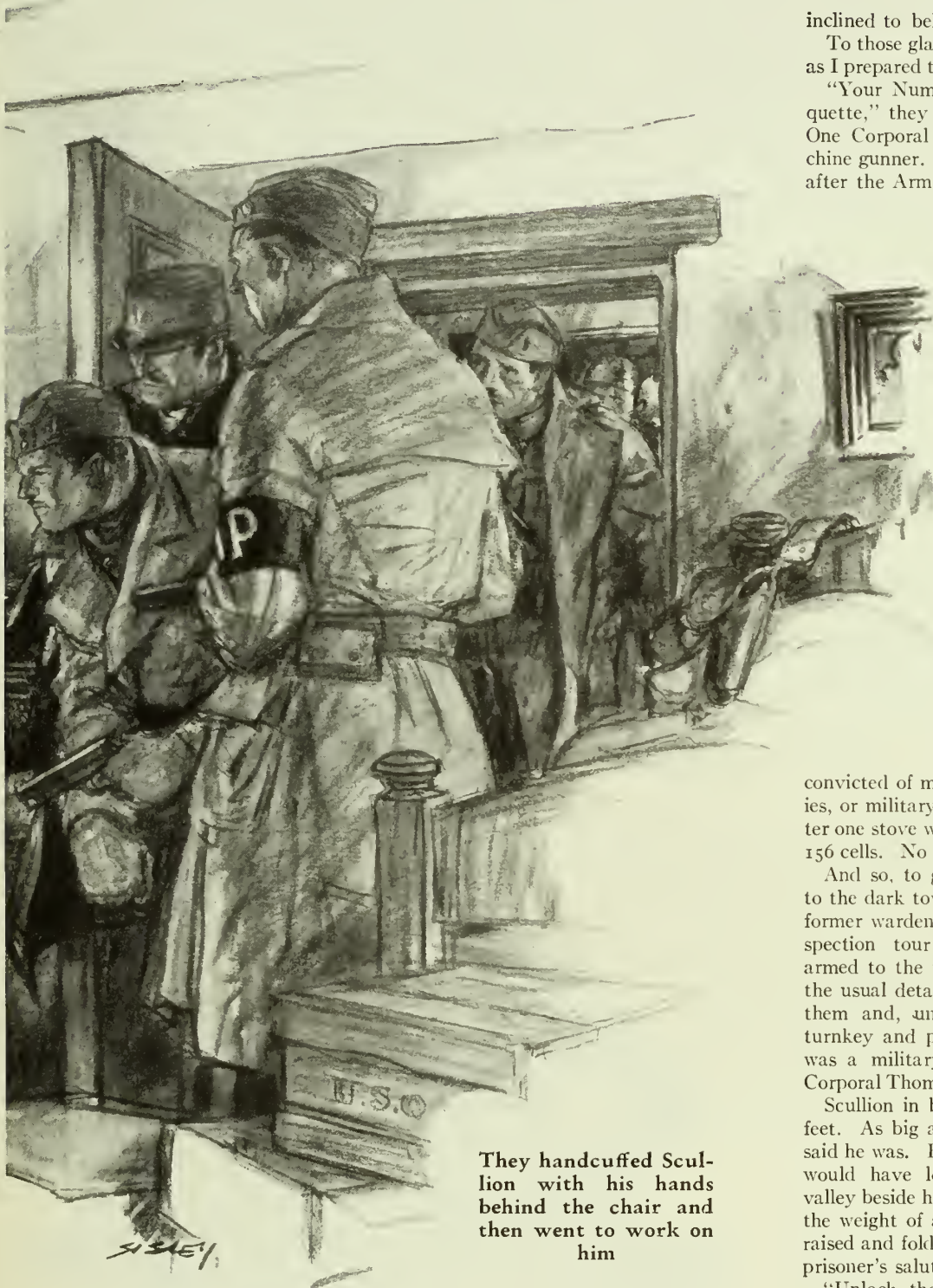
My mother's boy was raised to be a

soldier at Uncle Sam's Military Academy up the Hudson. I stood six feet four in my issue socks and weighed in at 222 pounds stripped. That seemed to make me football material if anything. For three years I played on the West Point team and did my best to convince light cruisers from the Naval Academy that there was no navigable channel through my side of the line. In 1915 I was graduated and commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry. I served on the Border, commanded L Company of the 30th Infantry

at the Plattsburg Training Camp and went overseas with the Sixth Division, the Sightseeing Sixth, which hiked more kilos than any other outfit in France. As a battalion commander, I saw action in the Vosges and the Argonne and after the Armistice was given leave and lit out



LA ROQUETTE



They handcuffed Scullion with his hands behind the chair and then went to work on him

for Nice via, of course, the city of Paris.

There I dropped in on my old roommate at West Point, Charles Wolcott Ryder, in command of the patrols division of the M. P.'s after having been wounded in action with the First Division. Also I went to see an old commanding officer of mine, Major General Bandholtz. He asked me how I'd like duty in

Paris instead of marking time with my outfit waiting to get sent home. If you ever got into Paris on leave, you'll know what my answer was.

"You will be put in command of La Roquette Prison," said the General. "Your three predecessors have been courtmartialed, but I remember you've always liked soldiers, Herrick, and I'm

inclined to believe you may do better."

To those glad tidings were added more, as I prepared to take my post.

"Your Number 1 prisoner in La Roquette," they told me, "is a bad actor. One Corporal Thomas S. Scullion, machine gunner. Got fed up with army life after the Armistice and went AWOL to

Paris. Shot a couple of gendarmes, and we had to organize a minor offensive to capture him. He's six feet two, 210 pounds, and an ex-prizefighter. Now under trial for murder, in solitary confinement and double handcuffs. If he gets half a chance, he'll kill you. Good luck!"

I hope none of you remember La Roquette. Down near where the original Bastille used to stand, it was built in the form of a wheel, with a 24-foot wall for the rim. The cell blocks held, segregated, prisoners charged with or

convicted of major felonies, minor felonies, or military offenses. That cold winter one stove was supposed to warm each 156 cells. No bed of roses, La Roquette.

And so, to go poetic, "Childe Harold to the dark tower came." Relieving the former warden, I was starting on an inspection tour when a guard of six, armed to the teeth, fell in behind me—the usual detail, they said. I dismissed them and, unarmed myself, took one turnkey and proceeded in what I trust was a military manner to the cell of Corporal Thomas S. Scullion.

Scullion in blue denim clanked to his feet. As big and tough-looking as they said he was. Five-day beard. Dempsey would have looked like a lily of the valley beside him. As best he could with the weight of all those irons on him, he raised and folded his arms in the general prisoner's salute.

"Unlock those irons," I ordered the turnkey. He gave me a God-help-you look and obeyed. I threw the shackles out into the corridor.

"Scullion," I said, "they told me you'd kill me. Now's your chance."

Believe it or not, that hard-boiled machine gunner had to wink back tears as he looked me in the eye and said:

"Major, I ain't (Continued on page 48)

AFTERMATH

By Clifford W. Kennedy

Illustrations by
FRANK STREET

ONE evening, a few months past, I poked through our local armory to the desk of a colonel of the Regular Army. The colonel is a friend of mine and I had come to borrow a few of the militia's tin hats for a costume shindig in which I was interested. The colonel was commissioned to chaperone, supervise and inspire the activities of our local militia units, a job which, I understand, is assigned to Regular Army officers here and there and now and then.

A few minutes sufficed to wind up my business and send a soldier boy after the helmets. We had leaned back for a moment of idle chatter when I spotted on his desk a couple of 30-Springfield shells that looked familiar. I examined one and found the earmarks I had expected. But the thing that puzzled me was the fact that these shells were obviously of war vintage. They couldn't have been manufactured a minute later than November of 1918.

"How come you're using these?" I asked the colonel.

"We use them for target practice," he replied. "We don't dare issue the new shells."

"Why not?"

"They're too powerful. They'll push a bullet five miles."

I whistled with astonishment. My mind traveled back twenty years to the plant at X—and the rifle ranges there, to the times when Ballistics (it was the Ballistic Department then; today it would be the Research Division) were sweating twenty-four hours around to develop designs that would shoot accurately and consistently just across the thousand-yard ranges. But five miles! Some research!

"The rifle butts where these men train," the colonel continued, waving at the collection of uniformed youth I could see through his door, "are about a mile from the nearest civilization which makes it safe for our wildest shot if we use the old style shells. As for the new issue from the arsenal," he shook his head, "nothing doing. With a trajectory five miles in length, why, these kids would be picking off the natives in the next township."

"But they haven't made a military cartridge at X—since the war," I protested. "Where did you get these?"

The colonel smiled. "They're left over from the war." Then the colonel looked at me quizzically. "So you were at X—during the war?"

I admitted I was.

"Then perhaps you can tell me why your shells come corroded."

"How's that?"

"Just so. Corroded. About one in every five cases, as if they had been dunked in

the ocean. Come out here; I'll show you."

I followed him to the store room where sight of the familiar packing cases stirred many pleasant and otherwise memories. There were several opened cases, with tin covers peeled back, on the floor. The colonel had me examine the shells in one box. Every one was in as good condition as the day it was made. But the next case! Not a shell had escaped corrosion, not one brass cylinder but was scarred with verdigris as if sea water had leaked in and dried in salty lumps.

Now we packed cartridges, during the war, in substantial, metal-lined wood

Plant gossip had it that she had displayed a little too much curiosity about totals of ammunition shipments





Evidently someone had dug the tunnel by using the store as a base of nightly operations over a long period

cases. The liners were of heavy gauge tin and constructed to be absolutely water and air tight. With the layers of shells in place, a tin cover was carefully soldered on. One of these boxes could live through a forty-day rain or weeks in swamp muck or fall overboard at sea without a vestige of harm reaching the shells inside. Yet here were shells not one of which could be even sledge-hammered into a gun breach because of the ridges of green corrosion encircling them.

Another case of damaged shells gave me a clue. The streaks of green across the top layer of shells looked as if some powder or liquid had been purposely sprinkled across them just before the cover was sealed down. Tucked into a corner was a piece of dirty rag with every appearance of having been soaked in water and folded into small compass like a bandage compress. The sealed interior of that case had been made into a perfect humidor for the reaction of some chemical on brass.

"Sabotage!" I exclaimed involuntarily and then explained what I meant to the colonel.

I could picture the long packing room at X—, twenty years ago, with its miles

of conveyor pouring endless streams of tin lined boxes into it, cases which seemed to suck away the cargo of a perpetual row of tote trucks as they passed by on their way to waiting freight cars. Somewhere in that line had stood a man responsible, I believed, for the wanton destruction I could see in the case of shells at my feet. Probably he was a solderer, one who had to handle hot lead and powdered flux and wet rags to clean his soldering iron.

It couldn't have been the result of carelessness for, if the colonel was right

about his one case in five, the damage was too consistent. Besides, the pattern of green scale and crusts on the rows of shells shouted too loudly of a deliberate, practiced motion. Nor could it have been the work of a crank, for the scheme involved too many clever implications. Not only was property destroyed but the verdigris-caked ammunition could render helpless any aggregation of rifles or machine guns, across, on which some particular offensive or defense might depend. And without warning, had the ammunition been dished out at night! The only conclusion I could reach was that here was a piece of undercover work that the secret service had missed. At least nobody at X— had spoken of it.

The last thing I had expected that evening was to resurrect the ghost of the enemy agent. We had seen him or his tracks now and then at X— during the war but I thought the Armistice had ended all that. It had, but not all the evidence. The colonel and I sat down again while I described another trail we had crossed after the Armistice.

As far as the Engineering Department at X— was concerned the only unfinished business (Continued on page 56)



They HARVEST



DOWN in the southwestern corner of Iowa, in the pioneer town of Tabor, an interesting experiment in education is being carried on with American Legion help—a self-help type of college for ambitious but financially limited students. It is the realization of a war-born dream of an American soldier—a private in the ranks—while recovering from injuries received in battle. Through the years, since his discharge from the hospital and from the wartime military forces, Clark W. Howard did not lose sight of the resolution formed while lying on a hospital bed. An abandoned college plant at Tabor finally provided the opportunity and The American Legion, which he had long served, furnished the means to bring that dream to full fruition.

The original Tabor College was established in 1857 as an old line denominational institution by the teachers and leaders who led the van of settlers into that part of the then new West. The school carried on its work for more than seventy years until, by the diminution of its denomination and lack of funds from other sources, it succumbed to the economic depression in the early 1930's. Clark Howard had his home in the neighboring town of Sidney and had frequent calls to pass by the abandoned campus, which seemed to call to him to revivify its substantial buildings, repopulate its idle halls and offer opportunity to worthy aspirants for college training, and to provide a chance for many who would not otherwise have it. The story of the rejuvenated Tabor College, which is now in its second year with every promise of



A study in spinach in its relation to college education. Faculty and students share in the work on the Tabor College farm. At right, beautiful old chapel on college campus

greatly increasing his acquaintance throughout the State and enlarging his influence in the Legion.

"Here, in the neighboring town of Tabor, he saw in the idle Tabor College plant the opportunity he had long sought to serve the youth of Iowa in a greater field; to be of real service. Howard amazed his friends by announcing he was going to turn the plant into a self-help institution. He had no more money than the average country preacher; but he did have vision, he had zeal, he had a wide acquaintance, and he had the backing of his Legion Post. The old college had closed its doors because of financial



long years of useful service, is told by Frank Miles:

"Long months of suffering in A. E. F. hospitals gave Clark W. Howard, a young private in an Illinois outfit, hours upon hours to think—and dream. He had known battle and was one of its casualties. He thought of youth slain and maimed in carnage; he thought of youth happy and at peace, equipped to meet life's problems; he also thought of the difficulties most young

men and women meet in trying to acquire an education; he thought of the value of youth working to obtain enlightenment. It was then Clark Howard made a high resolve that he would devote the years that remained to him to something as different from war as possible.

"Upon discharge from the Army, Clark Howard entered the ministry—the first step in carrying out the resolution—and in the early 1920's became pastor of the Methodist Church at Sidney, Fremont County, Iowa. He became affiliated with Williams-Jobe-Gibson Post at Sidney, in which he still holds membership, and was drawn deeper and deeper into the work of his Post because of his interest in its youth activities program. Then, having long been a part of the broader program, he was unanimously elected Department Chaplain in 1932,



EDUCATION



stringencies and the years of economic stress were not yet over. To many it seemed most visionary to start any sort of enterprise during that period which would, to a very considerable degree, depend upon public support. But Howard had faced and overcome obstacles before. Williams-Jobe-Gibson Post gave him his grub-stake, a donation of \$600, and established an annual scholarship of \$150 to pay the tuition of a child of a World War veteran. That was the real beginning of the new Tabor College.

"The next step was to effect an organization. Clark Howard named himself President of the college and induced twelve distinguished Legionnaires and three members of The American Legion Auxiliary to make up his Board of Trustees. This Board is composed of Past National Commander Hanford MacNider, Mason City, Iowa; Sam W. Reynolds, Omaha, Nebraska, now serving as Chairman of the Legion's National Finance

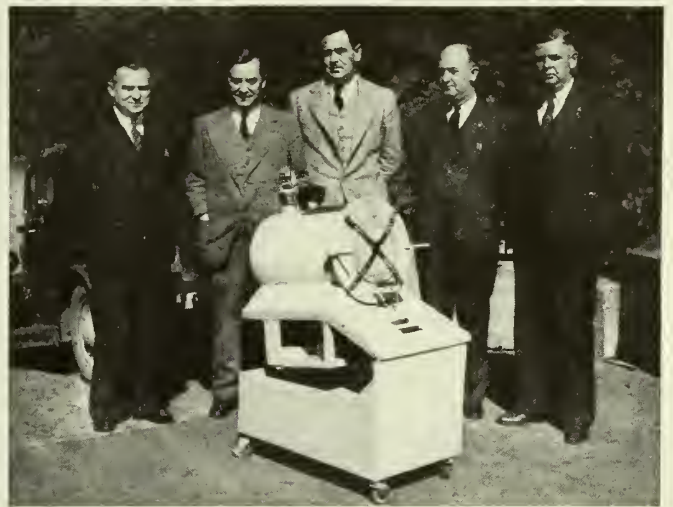
Committee; Rev. Pat N. McDermott, Atlantic, Iowa, Past Department Chaplain; Past Department Commander W. C. Rathke, Glenwood, Iowa; Mrs. George W. Prichard, Onawa, Iowa, Past Department President of the Auxiliary; John M. Henry, Omaha, Nebraska; K. A. Evans, Emerson, Iowa; John J. Miller, Executive Secretary of the Iowa Bonus Board; Dr. R. C.

Danley, Hamburg, Iowa, and C. O. Adamson, Dr. B. B. Miller, L. M. Perkins, Dayre Williams and Fern Williams, of Tabor.

"The winter of 1935-36 was the coldest in Iowa in many years; the summer of 1936 was the hottest in more than a century. There were huge dust storms over the north Middle West in 1934 and 1935. But Howard and his supporters kept doggedly on their project so that, on September 14, 1936, Tabor College opened its doors formally under the plan that had been carefully mapped out.

"President Howard's plan for financing the school is in some respects unique. The tuition income goes to the support of the faculty and equipment. The industries of make-work projects are supported by units of \$400 given by Legion Posts, Auxiliary Units, farm bureaus, and individuals. Each group giving one of these units may nominate a student from its community who will have the privilege of working for board and room. If a unit group names no student or there is work above the number of units given, applicants at large will be considered on merit. A high standard of work in high school is required of each applicant, because with three hours a day averaged out of each week, a dull pupil might not maintain scholarship desired.

"Like many other large dreams this college works in a practical way. No hocus pocus will avail when a regular payroll and bills are to be met. In the first place the plant, which had been taken over by the municipality of Tabor,



Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Post gave to its city an iron lung specially constructed for very young children. Legionnaire Mayor Hall receives it for the Municipal Hospital

costs but a nominal sum as the town naturally wants the college to function. A farm at the edge of town was secured on which truck is intensively cultivated and cows and hogs kept for dairy and meat supplies. Also hand industries are being secured to provide work for the students other than what is required in running the farm, preparing meats and janitoring the buildings. For each student employed there must be a capital investment, just as in any other business. This has been fixed at a tuition rate of \$150 and must come from the student or from someone who pays it for him.



NEW YEARS EVE PARTY -

Not all of the contributions have been made in cash. Pisgah Post sent a truck load of forty pigs to help stock the farm; one boy helped himself to his first year in Tabor by using his father's tractor in the plowing; a girl brought her 4-H champion heifer in a trailer to add to the herd, and thereby paid part of her tuition. Later, she turned out to be as good at shooting baskets as in raising blue ribbon cows and was the main point winner on the college basketball team for girls last season.

"Tabor College proper has a twenty-one acre campus on which are six buildings with a capacity of five hundred students, and is entirely free from debt. On its campus is a monument marking the camp site of John Brown, who made Tabor a frequent stopping place while enroute to and from 'bleeding' Kansas, and where he found haven for himself and men among the Ohioans who had long operated one of the most important western stations of the Underground Railroad.

"It would be inexact to say that the college is merely one man's dream, or at least that it remained that way long. Legionnaire Howard enlisted support wherever he could get it, but especially among members of the Legion and its Auxiliary. Experience and contacts in helping promote the Sidney rodeo, a Legion enterprise, were valuable and

while farm organizations and other groups help support the school, it is from Posts and Units that most of the sinews of his campaign come. Without this support President Howard says he would be unable to realize his dream as fully as he hopes to do, to get the library and laboratory facilities he wants. In a word, he wants his dream to become The American Legion's dream.

"Legionnaires and Legion Posts contributed approximately \$15,000 in cash the first year. A splendid example of the confidence of Iowa Legionnaires in the college is had in Minden Post, which has enrolled sixty members. This Post gave the full unit of \$400, the amount needed to provide a permanent place for a student. Other Posts and county organizations giving from \$300 to \$500 were Omaha Post, Omaha, Nebraska; and from Iowa, Argonne Post, Des Moines; Rainbow Post, Council Bluffs; O. B. Nelson Post, Ottumwa;



An official badge worn at the organization meeting of the Legion in Wisconsin



Drill Team of Newton (Massachusetts) Post, crowned National Champions at New York, heading their own Department parade

William Triplett Post, Yale; Ourcq Post, Corn- ing; Pisgah Post, Pis- gah, and the county organizations of Adair, Mills, Fremont, Cass, Audubon, Taylor and Mills Counties. Many Posts and Units have given smaller amounts and a large sum has come from individuals.

"Realizing that no college can be better than its faculty, the teaching body of seven professors was selected with care. Only one is past middle age and three are unmarried. The actual academic work was placed in the hands of a capable dean of several years' experience in university teaching and administration, and each professor is given wide latitude in his own field. President Howard's idea is that teachers are measured by results and should not be hampered by too much oversight. As most have had college and university teaching experience the president maintains a hands-off policy academically. All faculty members eat at



The Legion Post at Valdez, Alaska, enjoys the comforts of a fine home and nice surroundings. At right, members of Matanuska Valley Post raising the flag at a meeting at Palmer

the college table and most of them live in the dormitory. One lives at the farm with the boys. They harvest education.

Legion Gives Iron Lung

A PROGRAM that gives every promise of equaling, if not surpassing, the ambulance donations started many years ago is that of providing iron lungs for use in communities where such equipment is not available. In many instances the appliances were purchased to fill a pressing present need and to save the life of an individual, then turned over for community use. Reports have come to the Step Keeper from many Departments of the presentation of equipment of this character, each instance marking a notable piece of community service.

When casting about for some program for 1938, the Grand Voiture of South Dakota, Forty and Eight, made a hasty survey which disclosed that in the entire State of South Dakota there was not a single iron lung for the use of victims of infantile paralysis. The Grand Voiture immediately set out to purchase two, to be placed in centrally located cities where they will be available for the free use of all who, from any cause, need this sort of treatment.

Fort Humboldt Post at Eureka, California—a coast town in the Northern tip—had a definite reason for purchasing an iron lung. A youth from their town was stricken with infantile paralysis while attending



the State Fair at Sacramento; was removed to San Francisco where he was kept in a respirator. The Post wanted him to come home, so they bought an iron lung, presented it to a local hospital, then sent for the sick boy.

Another example of distinguished public service is had in Harrisburg Post, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, which has just purchased and presented an iron lung specially constructed for very young children to the Harrisburg Municipal Hospital. The need was suggested last fall when infantile paralysis became epidemic in certain sections of the country. At that time Legionnaire Mayor John A. F. Hall, a member of Harrisburg Post, launched a public subscription campaign for the purchase of an adult respirator. Harrisburg now has two iron lungs, one for adults



purchased by popular subscription and one for children, purchased and paid for entirely by Harrisburg Post.

Dr. S. J. Ross reports that Ralph M. Noble Post of Galesburg, Illinois, will purchase an iron lung for the general use of Galesburg and community as a part of their community service program, and that the proceeds of the 1937 Armistice Ball will be applied to its purchase.

James H. Teal Post at Bartlesville, Oklahoma, has recently qualified for membership in the club of iron lung donors, as has also Dubuque Post, at Dubuque, Iowa, and Lee Iten Post at Highland, Illinois.

Badges and Badges

WITHIN the past few years many old timers in the Legion, in whom the impulse of the collector is strongly

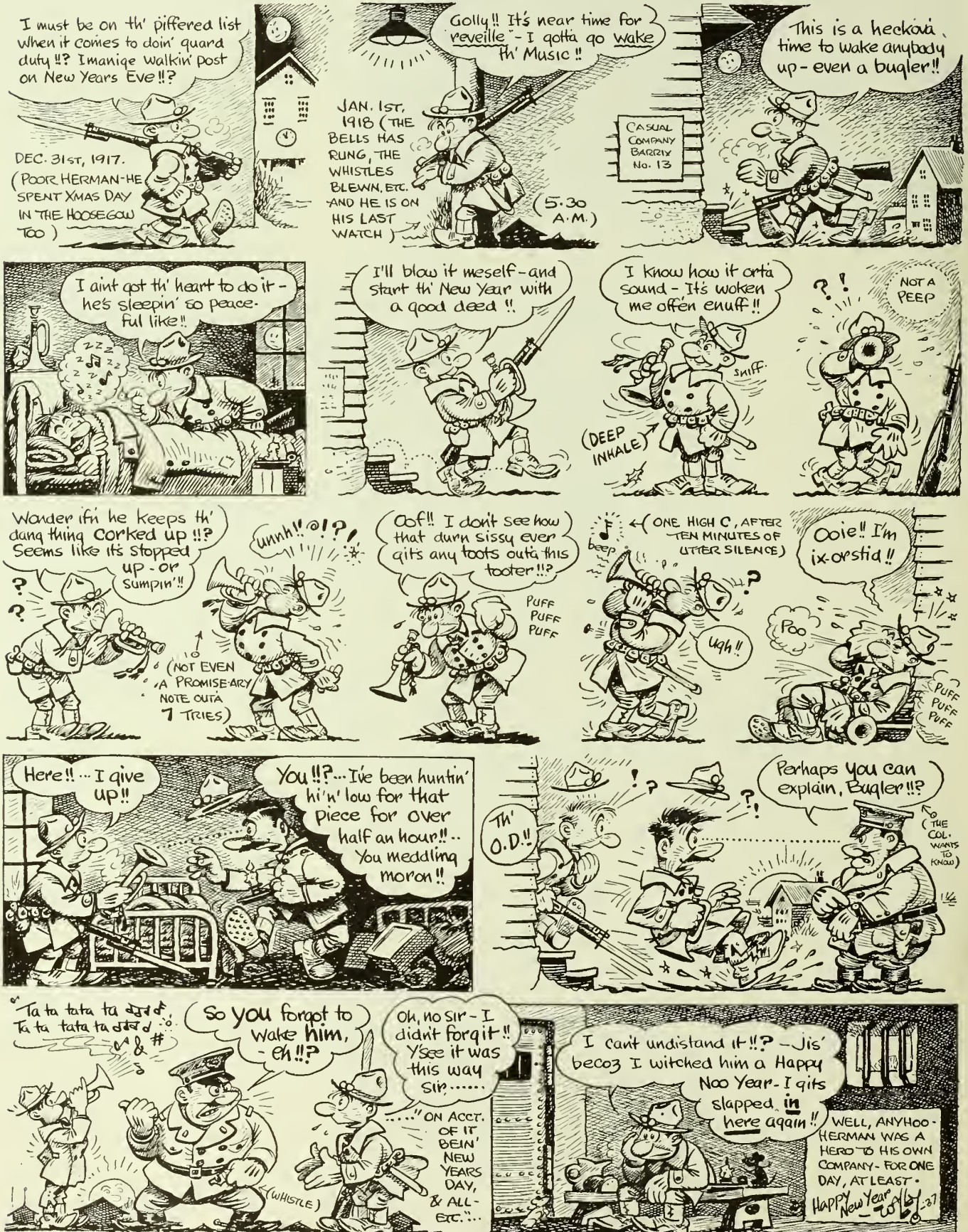
marked, have become badge conscious and have set about trying to form complete sets of badges used at Department and National Conventions. There are, of course, many complete collections in the hands of individuals limited, perhaps, to their own Department and the national meetings—complete except for the excessively rare ribbon badges used at the organization meetings. Collections of the national badges usually lack the ribbon pinned on delegates at the St. Louis Caucus in May, 1919. Department collections are similarly short.

The most complete collection from a national viewpoint, including the badges of all Departments, is that brought together and preserved at National Headquarters. It is far from complete in all series, but is being added to from time to time. Interest in this collection, and in the very extensive war poster collection, was stimulated when, in November, the two collections were displayed in the War Memorial Shrine at Indianapolis and were viewed by thousands, including the National (Continued on page 62)

HOOSEGOW HERMAN'S 1938

The Pride of Post 13 Wishes You All a Happy New Year

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



DEPARTMENT COMMANDER Bruce T. Bair of Maryland gives us the one about the morning line before the police judge. Calling an old offender,

the judge said to him:

"Well, Henry, I see you're back again for fighting with your wife. Liquor again?"

"No, your honor, she licked me this time."

HERB MULLER, of New York City, passes along the one about the movie theater cashier giving a ticket to a customer. The price was twenty-five cents, and the customer gave the cashier a half dollar and went off without change. The next man in line at the window asked:

"Does that happen very often?"

"Oh, once in a while," replied the cashier.

"What do you do about it?"

"I always rap on the window—with a sponge."

THE man had a reputation for being the most stingy person in the community. Someone had passed off a counterfeit bill on his wife, and he was reproofing her.

"I don't see how anyone could be dumb enough to let somebody put a bill like that over on 'em!" he roared.

"Well," replied his wife, "you don't let me see real money often enough to know the difference."

NOW, Tommy, how do you know the world is round and hangs on nothing in the air?" asked the geography teacher. "How do you prove it?"

"I don't have to prove it," replied Tommy. "I never said 'twas."



MOSE had been away from his home for several months working on a farm in a neighboring State, and was bragging about what a fine

man he was working for. "Why," he said, "dat man got mo' fo'sight dan anybody I eber seed."

"What you mean—fo'sight?" asked his friend.

"De convenience what he got on his farm."

"What kind of convenience?"

"Why, dat man built de chicken house right 'longside de watahmilyun patch."

PAST COMMANDER Harry A. Conroy, of Jersey City, calls attention to a combination of signs he saw in the window of a beer parlor during the New York National Convention. There was the big "Welcome Legionnaires" sign at the top of the window and directly under it a smaller placard reading: "Girls Wanted."

FORMER Junior Legion Baseball player Al Swick, of Oakland, California, writes us about a ball player who had just been sold to a major league club for a rather large figure. His wife and little daughter were passing a toy shop. There was a beautiful doll in the window priced at \$25.

"Oh, mother!" cried the little girl, "I want that doll."

"But, dear," replied the mother, "we can't afford such a high-priced doll."

"Why not?" said the little girl. "Couldn't we sell daddy again?"



ACCORDING to Hugh M. Miller, of Seattle, Washington, the successful man had returned to the scene of his boyhood to receive the acclaim of the old

home town. He had been away for many years. Just before he arose to respond to the speeches made in his honor, he was informed that old Dr. Smith had recently answered the final summons. He couldn't recall Dr. Smith, but felt an urge to say something, so declared in his speech:

"Dr. Smith was a fine man, and I considered him one of my warmest friends, for it was he who brought me into the world." He was interrupted by a pull at his coat, and was told in a loud whisper:

"Shut up, you jackass! Dr. Smith was the town veterinarian."

NATIONAL Americanism Chairman Steve Chadwick is telling one about the man who had just returned from a banquet where he had made a speech. His wife asked him how his talk had been received.

"Splendidly," he said. "I was congratulated very heartily. In fact, one of the men said that when I sat down he said to himself it was the best thing I had ever done."

PAST NATIONAL COMMANDER James A. Drain tells us the one about the nurse who was nicknamed "Appendix" because all the doctors wanted to take her out.



THEN there is the one about the boy who came to his daddy and said: "Will you give me a nickel for a poor man who is outside crying?"

"Certainly, son. You're a charitable boy. What's the man crying about?"

"He's crying, 'Jumbo ice cream cones; five cents apiece!'"

WHILE on duty at Goat Island Naval Training Station, in 1917, Comrade Charles E. Arnold, of San Diego, California, had a conversation with a seedy recruit from the inland country.

The recruit said that he had never seen the ocean or a boat before. "Then why," asked Arnold, "did you choose the Navy?"

"Wal," replied the recruit, "I saw considerable of the Army back home, so I thought I'd join the Navy."

THE young lady was applying for a position.

"Where were you last employed?" asked the boss.

"In a doll factory, sir."

"What were your duties there?"

"Making eyes."

"Very well, you are engaged; but please don't demonstrate your capabilities when my wife is around."

LEGIONNAIRE Johnny Lee, of Omaha is telling a story about a comrade who was taking an examination for a government job.

One of the questions asked was, "What was the quantity of wheat exported from the United States in any stated year?"

After many minutes of consideration he finally wrote:

"In 1402—none."



FROM Comrade George D. Kyger, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, we get the one about the Civil War veteran who was returning home from a reunion. When

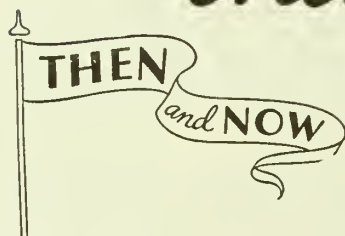
he got on the train he found two young ladies occupying the berth his ticket called for. He tried to explain it was his berth, and they contended it was theirs. Finally, the old man said:

"Now listen, young ladies, I ain't no hand to fuss and argue, and I don't want any trouble, but one of you girls is going to have to get out of there."



Upon declaration of war, the crews of German ships in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, were searched, before imprisonment, by United States Marines

An ALOHA that went SOUR



PALM TREES towering above tropical verdure, the beach at Waikiki and swimmers skimming over the tops of breakers on surf-boards, the strumming of ukuleles and swaying of hula dancers, the garlanding of visitors with leis to the accompanying greeting of a soft-spoken "Aloha"—that is the picture that comes to mind when we think of Hawaii, the crossroads of the Pacific. It all sounds foreign to war. Like thousands of fellow Then and Nowers, this department has never visited that land of peace and quiet and tropical languor, but it would like to bet that many conventionnaires who go to Los Angeles for the national convention next fall will take advantage of the invitation extended by Hawaiian comrades to visit the Islands.

We made mention of the word "Aloha," which is both a greeting and a farewell.

That word no doubt was used when several German warships entered Pearl Harbor, on which is situated Honolulu, for a friendly stop in that American port. There were rumors of our country declaring war, but even so Hawaii was some 7500 miles from the Western Front—on the other side of the globe. When, however, on April 6th of 1917, we entered the war, action was as prompt in that far-off Territory as it was on the mainland.

An incident in Hawaii that marked our entry into the war is pictured above. P. K. Rhinehart of Harry Dobbs Post, Duncan, Oklahoma, permits us to see the picture and tells us about it:

"Having been a Legionnaire and a reader of the Legion magazine for many years, I thought the enclosed picture might interest my fellow readers. It is one of several snapshots I took at the Marine Barracks at Pearl Harbor, Honolulu,

Territory of Hawaii, the day after our country declared war in 1917. I was a private in the United States Marine Corps, having enlisted on December 1, 1914, and having received my honorable discharge on November 30, 1918, at Norfolk, Virginia, with men of the 35th Company, U. S. Marine Corps, who had been stationed in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

"The picture shows the searching and examination of members of the crews of the German warships that had been interned in Pearl Harbor and were taken over as soon as dispatches announcing the declaration of war were received. These Germans had all been guests at Pearl Harbor before our entry into the war and were a grand bunch of fellows. But it was our sad duty to make them prisoners and confine them in Schofield Barracks.

"I had been with the Marine Corps in Honolulu

Must be the weather—
or good news from
the front—but most
everybody's got a
big smile on their
face today!!

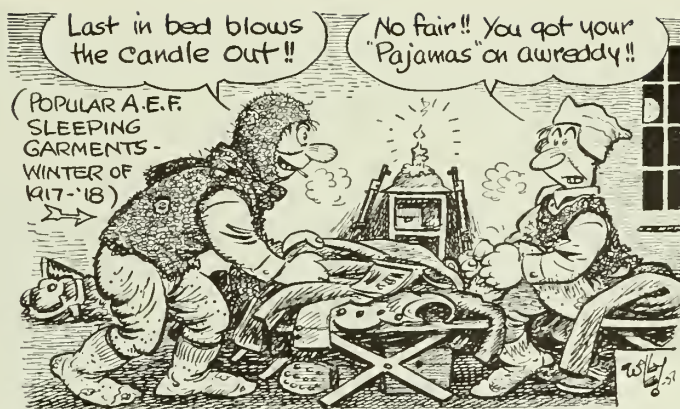


a matter of two years at that time and early on the morning of April 7th was the first time most of us had ever heard Call to Arms sounded. We assembled in front of our barracks and were told to be ready, in light marching order, within ten minutes to march to the depot. We did not know that anything was up. We were loaded into a train and taken into Honolulu. We were ordered to stack arms on the wharf and, even with our bayonet scabbards empty, ordered aboard the German ships in the harbor.

"Efforts had been made by the crews to damage and destroy the ships as much as possible. All the machinery had been broken, the boilers had been fired without water and the decks were so hot that they blistered right through our shoes. We took everything combustible out of lockers and piled it in the middle of the decks, where water was poured on to keep fire from breaking out. The ships had been in the Orient and many a German sailor's souvenirs from there were destroyed.

"During the rummaging, several cases of condensed milk were discovered and that milk constituted our lunch for the day. I might remark it surely tasted good.

"The prisoners were marched out in



Harbor wasn't so easy. We hiked six to ten miles every day except Saturday, when for good measure we covered from twenty-five to thirty miles. A lot of the men from our outfit saw service in the A. E. F. and that process of hardening helped a lot. But there sure were plenty of blisters.

"When orders about the use of cameras were issued, my negatives were all destroyed, so be sure to return this picture to me."

IT'S always a gamble—but an interesting one—when we show one of the wartime "whoosit" pictures such as the one on this page. Not that we won't receive plenty of letters from the Gang offering identifications of the outfit and of the men in it, but we'll be confused by

Russia or Siberia, or even of these United States. Even we could swear that some of the guys look like fellows in our old outfit—but that's the trick memory plays after the passage of almost twenty years.

At any rate, go to it! Whoever can give definite proof that he is in the picture can have the print that was submitted by Legionnaire George B. Iwema of 5755 North McVickers Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Comrade Iwema states

that he found the picture somewhere along the front in France, that he doesn't know who the boys are or where it was taken. When we asked for more details, this letter, which includes an interesting dissertation about a little-known branch of service, came from him:

"I am almost sure I found the picture in the Argonne. Our regiment was in four major engagements and my memory is rather blurred on this point as we were shifted around considerably and worked with various outfits.

"My duties were driving an ammunition truck. I was a wagoner with Headquarters Company, 1st Corps Artillery Park.

"I suppose you are at a loss as to what is meant by 'Artillery Park.' Well, so are most of the ex-service men I talk to. In



good order without any trouble. There was even some joking with those men we knew. But later, after imprisonment in Schofield Barracks, the friendliness wore off—it just doesn't last long when you are chased around with a gun.

"We arrived back at quarters late that night, tired and hungry and, believe me, for once that old army grub wasn't scoffed at. From that day on, life at Pearl

Does anyone know where this outdoor kitchen and its crew were photographed? The print, found in the A. E. F., is waiting for any veteran who can prove he is in the group

the variety of identifications offered. Of course it might be any kitchen detail in any part of France or Italy or of North

fact, I don't understand the meaning of it myself. Never did!

"Light field artillery was our branch of service. The 1st C. A. P. was a regiment attached to the 1st Army Corps on the Marne Front and later transferred to the 3d Army Corps along with some of the Divisions in our corps. I would call our outfit an ammunition train. We had six truck companies, a company of



Horses, horses, horses—and some mules—are shown in the Remount Depot at Sinzig, Germany, after the Army of Occupation was established in the Rhineland. This view was taken in 1919

ordnance, medical headquarters and a depot company. The depot company had the handling of ammunition dumps, etc. The truck companies hauled the ammunition to the guns and dumps.

"Why our outfit was called an Artillery Park has me stumped, but probably the French had something to do with that. The way I understand it there was no Artillery Park in the U. S. Army before the World War. The French had artillery parks, so I suppose the big shots in our Army thought we should have one, too. I understand the French outfit of that name had entirely different duties.

"There were other corps formed after ours and some besides ours got to France. It would be nice to have this explained by someone who knows.

"We went to Germany after the Armistice and I went to the hospital after we got up there, but eventually got back to the good old U. S. A."

Prospective claimants of the picture reproduced may write either to Comrade Iwema or to The Company Clerk. And will some informed veteran red-leg please step forward with the information about Artillery Parks that both Iwema and this department would like to obtain?

SEVERAL theme songs for the remount men of the Army came to mind when we looked at the picture on this page that Legionnaire Charlie Rose of Legion, Texas, produced. Those horse soldiers might have sung "The Old Gray Mare, she ain't what she used to be," or "Good-bye, Maw, Good-bye, Paw, Good-

bye, mule with your old hee-haw," and then there is "Horses, horses, horses!" but, come to think of it, that was a post-war composition. At any rate, we're glad that Comrade Rose came forward with his picture and story of the 306th Field Remount Squadron, as we think this is the first time that branch of service has

pied Area in Germany, which was shared with three other remount squadrons. Our squadron had been active in a Meuse-Argonne sector and then served with the Army of Occupation from December 3, 1918, to October 5, 1919, having been during that period in Mayen, Ehrenbreitstein and Sinzig.

"The Kripp Remount Depot, as the one at Sinzig was called, was set up in the early part of 1919. Twice, during May and June of that year, we went to Kripp and got 500 horses for delivery to the First Division, which was advanced furthest into the Occupied Area. My squadron moved to Sinzig on July 3, 1919. From then on most all of the army horses were turned into the Kripp Remount Depot, as American troops were leaving for home, and were sold, Germans buying most of them. Our last trip was to Wengore the last of September, from where we moved several hundred horses and mules to Kripp.

"There were some 38 or 40 guards, mostly mounted, on duty around the corrals. There were four squadrons of Remounts with about 155 men to a squadron and all were kept pretty busy taking care of stock.

"I was one of a detail of about twenty men that had charge of polo and saddle horses used by staff officers of the Army of Occupation. Believe it or not, they staged polo matches. Among the polo players were General Allen, Colonel Montgomery, Major Hennessey, also a Captain Allen and a Major Allen, and others. One day in a game with the British at Cologne, (Continued on page 63)



High and dry, and still afloat. The U. S. Cruiser Chicago had her bottom painted while in drydock in Bermuda, December 2, 1918

made its appearance before our Then and Nowers.

You will find from this report of Rose's that the work of the men of his outfit wasn't concerned entirely with swapping horses and grooming those on hand—some few of them stepped out in high company:

"Horse flesh was valuable during the World War—and that is what my outfit, the 306th Field Remount Squadron, handled overseas at that time, and we handled plenty of it. The enclosed picture shows our depot at Sinzig, up in the Occu-



He turned his head . . . *Death passed him by*

Paul Brown was assigned to a "quiet" sector at the front—and missed death almost literally by a hair. His life is full of such paradoxes! He was the lad who neglected lessons for football at high school, yet at Corps School in France he was one of the men who made highest grades, entitling them to go as observers to the French Front. And now—he's the famous painter of horses who never rides a horse—never took an art course!

Paul Brown's military career began in 1917 with the "Broomstick Brigade" at Governors Island. He went on to Plattsburg, emerged a First Lieutenant, served in France with the 23rd Infantry, 2nd Division, A.E.F., at the front near St. Mihiel. That's where an exploding rifle

grenade wounded the sergeant beside him—and missed Brown only because he turned his head! He finished the war as Captain, second in command of the First Training Battalion, Central Infantry Officers' Training School, Rockford, Ill.

Brown first won fame through his lively sketches of doughboys. Today, his pictures of men and horses in action are in demand by all the magazines and he writes and illustrates books noted for that same quality—action! This magazine is proud to claim Paul Brown as one of its first—and present—famous contributors. * * *

"Legionnaires appreciate quality!" comments the Advertising Man. "Here's another interesting angle on that. Adver-

tisers with a story to tell about quality in their product—like Camel Cigarettes with their story of quality in blend and tobaccos (2nd cover)—have discovered we're a worthwhile, quality-conscious audience. (Incidentally, over half a million of us smoke cigarettes.) We've got a live, modern viewpoint too—that's why Fleischmann's Yeast (page 43) presents to us its story of a modern way to combat digestive troubles. Gillette has a story about why Gillette means shaving comfort (3rd cover)—a "reason-why" story, naturally calling for an *intelligent* audience.

It's a definite compliment to Legionnaires that these advertisers choose to tell their stories in the Legion's own magazine!"

Bay Stater

(Continued from page 13)

1901 and has been owner and editor all through the paper's existence, began work together in a tannery in Woburn away back in 1883. In those days and until after the war Woburn was a center for the finishing of leather. Now it has lost almost all of the tanneries and is for the most part assuming the aspects of a residential city.

The going was hard for Patrick Doherty at first, but in later and happier days he became superintendent of the tannery, built a fine house with a bit of land around it—and brought up his family in the belief that what you get by your own efforts is more precious than anything somebody bestows on you.

The boys worked, the girls worked, everybody worked, including father. Even when in 1930 he had left the tannery Patrick Doherty busied himself with his vegetable plot. When he died the local newspaper, referring to the family he had reared, said, "No better monument has ever been erected in the city than that of Patrick Doherty."

Dan Doherty has a broad, robust physique, as had his father, and when in 1903 at the age of eight he went into Jim Haggerty's office and asked if he couldn't deliver papers he got the job. There is no greater booster for Doherty than Mr. Haggerty, who at sixty-eight years of age still supervises the getting out of the paper.

"Dan was one of the first newsboys on my paper," he told me, "and easily the best. I never had to worry about a subscriber getting his paper on Dan's route. Pretty soon he was delivering fifty papers a day and traveling five miles to do it. If a customer of one of the other boys complained that he wasn't getting the paper on time I'd give Dan the job of delivering his paper, and no matter how far out of the way it was Dan never complained. He was what the telephone linemen call a 'trouble-shooter' for me on deliveries. As his route grew he broke in his two brothers and then his sisters. Why, there was never a time for eighteen years that I could look out from my office around press time without seeing one or more of the Doherty kids waiting to get papers.

"He played baseball and football and hockey, but he never let them interfere with his work in the garden or with his milking the cows his father acquired—yes, he delivered milk too. And when he had got his degree in law (he was president of his graduation class) and had been admitted to the state and federal bar he still found time to go three nights

a week into Boston to attend the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance, and to graduate from it. And don't think from all I'm telling you that he was a goody goody. He was a scrapper, but I don't think he ever started a fight."

Miss Agnes Carr, who helped Jim Haggerty with the work on the *Daily Times* and who for years has been a feature writer for the *Boston Traveler*, knew Dan Doherty when he was finishing his career as a newspaper carrier. For



The National Commander presents a certificate of appreciation from the 628 Pilgrims aboard the Washington, flagship of the Pilgrimage, to Chester Stedman, the ship's commander. Captain Stedman is a resident of Quincy in the National Commander's home State of Massachusetts

the homecoming celebration Miss Carr wrote a touching poem, "Small Town Boy," to show the pride Dan Doherty's old friends feel in his career. She also told me of the fine spirit Dan showed in helping his brothers get an education. Joseph, who is about six years younger than the National Commander, graduated from Tufts Dental School and did postgraduate work at Harvard and at Northwestern University out in Illinois. John, a couple of years Joe's junior, got his degree in medicine at Tufts. They were both captains of varsity teams at Tufts. The two brothers maintain offices in Boston, and Helen Doherty is a dental hygienist in brother Joe's office.

Mr. Haggerty recalled that Doherty, who has always been a Democrat, was secretary to Mayor Herman P. Peterson, Republican mayor of Woburn, in 1930-1932. A short time ago Mr. Peterson told the publisher how he happened to make the appointment. There were a number of applicants for the job, but the newly-elected mayor had decided that he would use the girl secretary he employed in his tanning business, as his aide in the dispatch of city affairs. After a few weeks he found that this arrangement wasn't working well—the girl was being swamped

by the double-duty work she was doing.

Then Herman Peterson recalled that a couple of years before his brother Alfred had said to him that if there was anyone in Woburn that could handle a job of any sort successfully that man was Dan Doherty. So Mayor Peterson solicited the services of Dan Doherty—and all his troubles were over.

A single term as mayor of Woburn was enough for Herman, but his brother Alfred got the Republican nomination and was chosen mayor to succeed him. Alfred tried to get Doherty to remain as secretary, but by that time Dan was immersed in Legion affairs and couldn't take the job. In 1936 the Republican District Attorney of Middlesex County made him one of his assistants. The job was no sinecure, and Dan Doherty made good in it.

But I have got ahead of my story. Daniel J. Doherty went through grammar school in regular progression and became a member of the class of 1912 at Woburn High School. Miss Nellie Hammond, who taught him history and government in his last year at the high school, is now retired. She told me that young Doherty was a good all-around student, but that his particular bent was for the studies she taught and so she recalls with pleasure his work at the school. He was always ready to accept re-

sponsibility, and always was able to express his opinion clearly and forcibly.

One of the experiments which Miss Hammond's class undertook in 1912 was a miniature city government set-up which they called Woburnia. In the election which followed a strenuous campaign Daniel J. Doherty became the first mayor of Woburnia. He was a keen student of parliamentary law and made a success of his venture into the field of near-politics. But he found time to play on the baseball, football and hockey teams, and to make his letter in cross country. And he was captain of the school hockey team. Four years later, while he was attending Northeastern University School of Law in Boston, he was alderman from Ward 3 in the Woburn City Council.

He had graduated from the Burdett Business College in Boston in 1913 and was engaged as a bookkeeper in a Woburn tannery until he enlisted in the Navy on September 22, 1917. He rose to warrant officer, serving in the pay corps, and was stationed at Washington, Philadelphia and Norfolk, getting his discharge in Philadelphia on February 11, 1919. He is a lieutenant commander in the United States Naval Reserve.

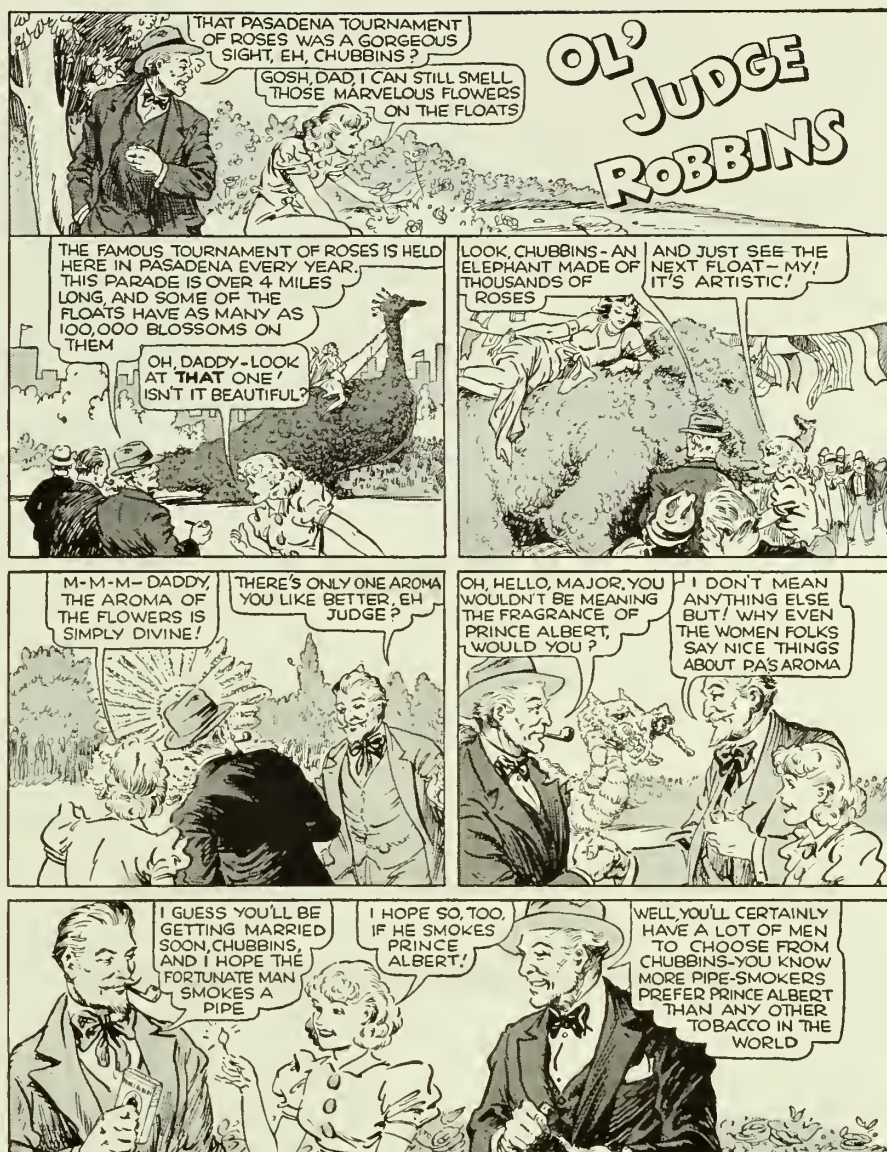
Back in civilian life Doherty, with one year of law school to his credit, switched from Northeastern to the Suffolk Law School, getting his degree of LL.B. from that institution in 1922 and in the same year being admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. In 1923 he was admitted to the Federal bar. Meantime he organized and became a charter member of George A. Campbell Post of The American Legion in his home town, and served as its first adjutant. And during the summer of 1922 he met at Rye Beach, New Hampshire, Miss Mary Elizabeth Linehan of Manchester, New Hampshire.

Miss Linehan had graduated from Our Lady of Grace Academy in that city and was secretary to one of the executives of a fire insurance company. She and Dan Doherty were married at St. Anne's Church in Manchester on October 19, 1925. Mrs. Doherty is ten years younger than the National Commander. She is interested in the Woburn Hospital Aid Association and has been President of the Woburn Unit of The American Legion Auxiliary.

Merely to call the roll of Dan Doherty's Legion jobs would stretch out this article interminably. Suffice it to say that he filled all the jobs in his home town Post, worked up through the Middlesex County Council to offices in the Department, serving as Commander of the Department of Massachusetts in 1933-'34. Later he was chosen as his Department's National Executive Committee-man. He was elected a National Vice-Commander at the Miami Convention in 1934 and his work on rehabilitation and war orphan committees of the national organization was climaxed by his appointment as Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee by National Commander Ray Murphy in 1935. It was in this job that he made a reputation for himself throughout the Legion.

Doherty's work for the rehabilitation of the veteran who suffered physically and mentally as a consequence of his war service has been intelligently searching—his questions have been embarrassing at times to some of the Veterans Administration officials. When he became Chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee he made an extensive tour of the Veterans Administration Facilities and with characteristic thoroughness checked their performance in behalf of the disabled with what they had been established to do. His study of the situation convinced him that the machinery at times was not sufficiently responsive to the needs of the veterans the bureau was supposed to serve.

Some of this failure of the machinery to function as it should was due to centralization of authority in Washington, where red tape in many cases hampered efforts to get an ailing veteran into a bed and under treatment. In New England, where Doherty (Continued on page 42)



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3 GREAT GROUPS OF PIPE-SMOKERS PUT THE SPOTLIGHT ON PIPE JOY

BEGINNER

PRINCE ALBERT CERTAINLY BRIGHTENED MY LIFE. IT'S NO-BITE TREATED FOR EXTRA MILDNESS



OCCASIONAL

THANKS TO P.A.'S CRIMP CUT, I FOUND THE WAY TO A SMOOTH COOL SMOKE EVERY TIME



REGULAR

I WAS LOOKING FOR A REALLY TASTY, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO—IN OTHER WORDS, PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S ONE TOBACCO THAT'S NEVER HARSH!





PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE & CIGARETTE TOBACCO
SO MILD!

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Bay Stater

(Continued from page 41)

knew the situation in all its details, a group of Legionnaires had fought from 1919 down through the years for the establishment of a veterans' hospital set-up that has today become one of the best in the nation.

Massachusetts Legionnaires have always taken an active interest in the rehabilitation program of The American Legion and maintained that an efficient Veterans Administration office in Boston is second only to the actual building of hospitals in securing justice—and that means treatment—for ailing veterans.

Of course distances in New England's six States are not great, but the job could easily bog down if the Legion relaxed its efforts. In Maine the National Soldiers Home at Togus provides for the ailing veterans of northern New England. In the next few months the new V. A.

hospital at White River Junction, Vermont, will relieve pressure on the Togus facility and on those in Southern New England. In Massachusetts there is a T.B. hospital at Rutland and mental hospitals at Leeds in the western section of the State and at Bedford in the eastern part. A general hospital in Newington, Connecticut, serves that State and Western Massachusetts, and there are naval hospitals at Newport, Rhode Island, and Chelsea, Massachusetts, besides the Chelsea Home, an institution open to Massachusetts veterans of all wars. The National Commander would like facilities and personnel available in this measure to the disabled in every part of the nation, and will continue to make rehabilitation one of his chief concerns.

For the rest of it, Doherty is a good platform speaker, rarely using a manu-

script and more often than not speaking without notes. He has an excellent vocabulary, and is never at a loss for words, as he showed in his contacts with crowned heads and parliamentary ministers when he was abroad. As I review his career a verse of Longfellow's keeps coming back to me as perhaps the perfect characterization of Daniel J. Doherty's course:

*The heights by great men reached and
kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night.*

The key words, it seems to me, are *and kept*. For Dan Doherty's career has not yet reached its zenith. He is going on to even greater service to his community, State and nation.

Goofy Is the Word

(Continued from page 23)

drill, and I knew very little, I decided to bluff it out. "Double time, march!" said I to the boys.

It's a long way up that viaduct, it has a grade, the spring weather was warm, and I began to pant. I saw I'd made a mistake. But how to avast this dog-trotting business, as you might say, and get back to a regular parade step? That was the question. Ah, I remembered: "Quick step"—that was the name for it. So I belowed out, "Quick step, march!"

And thereupon my command did go quick. In fact they went into a full gallop and then some.

We piled into the door of the building like the home-coming of a herd of stampeded elephants.

An ancient merchant marine skipper rigged up in a new uniform as a naval reserve officer who sat sunning himself at the entrance removed his pipe to say, "What's the trouble—did you sight a German?"

There were a lot of those old merchant marine boys in the Reserve, too. They were masters, mates and engineers from steam and sailing ships, and of course after years afloat they were badly unbalanced mentally, if we are going to accept this theory. I had to drill them, too. They had commissions, so it wouldn't do to have the enlisted men watch them at school, and I took them down to a secluded spot on the head of the pier, out in the harbor.

I got them lined up at attention, after a fashion, got out in front and gave a demonstration of what I believed, at

that time, to be the manual of arms. Right in the middle of my antics with my rifle I chanced to glance down at the head of the line, and there was old Captain Sumner, who was a lieutenant commander and the senior officer present, drawing a bead with *his* rifle on a harbor gull. Captain Sumner was somewhere around eighty.

"No offense, son," he replied mildly to my remonstrance. "I heard every word you said. I was just thinking that if I was down off Seguin now, and that gull was a duck, and this rifle was a good 12-gauge shotgun, we'd have duck for supper."

Then he proposed that we should omit this business of tossing guns about and pounding them on the deck, and retire to the wardroom for some practice with the sword.

NONE of us knew much about the proper methods of handling the sword, but an officer who had once been on a school ship and another officer, a little old Irishman who had recently been an engineer on the Eastern Steamship Line, volunteered to put on a broadsword drill. They armed themselves with two regular navy swords, not very sharp on the edge, but pointed like bodkins, and went for each other. All the rest of the old sea dogs, mightily pleased with this, gathered around in a cheering ring. If the C. O. on the Pier hadn't happened to blow in at just that juncture there would have been mayhem.

Sometimes the eccentricity of seamen

takes the form of hallucinations. They see things. We had a patrol boat out around the North Atlantic Fleet anchored well up in the York River in Virginia one night in the winter of 1917. The boat was watching out for subs; and don't laugh—submarines could get up there if battleships could.

Well, that is a country region down there; and lacking such facilities as sewage and running water systems, the people have a custom of building outhouses. They build them out over the water for ingenious reasons. Along toward daylight on this night mentioned our patrol boat crew sighted one of these outhouses looming through the morning fog, and close aboard.

Your strictly military mind as exemplified by the army man would probably have hit on a policy of making a reconnaissance and thereby ascertaining that the object was a non-combatant. But the sailor isn't like that. He is impetuous, imaginative, aggressive, and slightly daft. See how these chaps handled the situation. First they leaped to the conclusion that they saw the conning tower of an enemy submarine. Then they gave it a burst of rifle fire from all six of the firearms aboard. And then they opened up wide the engine on their big motor sailer and rammed the structure head-on. They took it right off its feet and brought it right aboard in over the bows.

At other times the peculiar mental quirk of the sailor expresses itself in what might be called a kind of low cunning.

For instance, there was the time when a squadron of patrol boats was ordered to cruise down the eastern coast of Maine to locate submarines suspected of basing there for the purpose of preying on North Atlantic commerce. There was a curious thing about that, too; there really were German boats basing down there, although we never could find one of them.

However, the boats were sent down after them. They left Boston just after dark, and ran into thick fog as soon as they were clear of the harbor. The boats couldn't possibly keep in column, and every man had to navigate for himself.

Now unfortunately the skipper of one of these boats didn't know anything about navigating in the fog all by himself. Of course he shouldn't have been given a commission, to say nothing of being given command of a seagoing craft, but everything was hurried and confused in those days, and things like that happened by sea as well as by land, as Captain Sir Humphrey Gilbert remarked.

What to do? That was the very pertinent question before this poor lad in the fog. He couldn't say that he didn't know what to do. No officer ever does that. So he tailed onto his whistle-cord and blew stridently until the little cruiser next ahead circled back to find out what was wrong.

"Engine breakdown!" the fog-bewildered captain shouted through his megaphone. "Just pass me a line until we can make repairs!"

So he got his line and was towed all through the night, and when morning came and the fog lifted, and he could play follow-your-leader again, he said "Thank you," cast off the line and started up his engines.

See? Mad as a March hare! And he had just barely begun to go to sea.

I don't mean to imply that navy men are any more queer than merchant sailors. They couldn't be. I recall a certain chap who was my shipmate on a freighter going to Europe soon after the war. Just after midnight every night he used to swing himself down on the end of a line from the boat deck, and, suspended between the sky and the roaring Atlantic, sway back and forth past a port in the hull of the ship. There was a radio operator on watch at his key behind that port, and the swaying fellow liked to hear his stories about the ghost at the breakfast table the next morning. The ghost would say "Oooh!" and far worse things as he grimaced in at the port.

The point about sailors is, it seems to me, that they just can't seem to view life with the seriousness that befits men engaged in a dangerous profession.

But let no one assume that I am poking fun at sailormen or at the Navy. I have never met any men that I liked better than the men of the sea, and what I think about the Navy is all contained in the quotation from Admiral Mahan, set down at the beginning of this article.

Life Begins At 40



Most Surgeons Do Best Work After 40, declares High Medical Authority

Courage, Steady Nerves and Unwavering Judgment More Developed in Older Men

"ALTHOUGH SURGERY is one of the most exacting of all professions—demanding courage without rashness, steady nerves, physical endurance and unwavering judgment—it is one in which the laurels have nearly always gone to men in their 40's, 50's and 60's," declared a high medical authority recently.

Dr. George D. Stewart, the great surgeon of Bellevue Hospital, known for his superb skill, untiring energy, and devotion to multitudes of poor patients, worked as head of the Bellevue surgical clinic until two weeks before his death, at 70.

Dr. William W. Keen, famous for his lightning speed as an operator, was on the job for over 50 years. He was 56 when he helped perform a critical operation on President Grover Cleveland.

—"and the Constitution of a Mule."

Dr. John Blair Deaver, Philadelphia's great surgeon, did two or three men's work almost up to the time of his death at 76. To the old formula for a surgeon—"heart of a lion, eye of an eagle, hand of a woman"—Dr. Deaver once added, "and the constitution of a mule."

Great numbers of instances like these show that a man can continue to do a creative job of the highest order long after 40, provided he keeps his HEALTH and PHYSICAL ENERGY.

They Feel Young, Full of Energy After 40—So Can YOU

At 52—Has High-Pressure Job

Dear Life Begins:

My work is in the theatre and on the radio. I used to tour a great deal.

Irregular meals led to indigestion and stomach troubles which had me nearly at my wits' end. I had difficulty memorizing my parts. Of course, I worried about it.

Then a friend persuaded me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. My appetite began to return, my digestion and nerves improved. As a result, I felt mentally alert again. My memorizing ability was renewed. I felt years younger.

I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast, because I find it a good digestive stimulant when I am under nervous tension in my radio work.

EDWARD LESTER



EDWARD LESTER

43—Can Work 20 Hours at a Stretch

Dear Life Begins:

I am a chef. It's a hard and strenuous job.

I have to test food all day long, and my own meals are irregular. I had stomach trouble for years.

Finally a nervous breakdown sent me to the hospital. The doctor prescribed yeast. It began to help me almost immediately. My nerves steadied and my appetite returned.

I've eaten Fleischmann's Yeast every day now, for the last seven years, and it helps keep my system in good working order. I'm always sure of being well. I can face a special banquet or wedding party with the confidence that my nerves and strength will be equal to a 20-hour stretch of hard work.

RICHARD HOLMES



RICHARD HOLMES

Slow Digestion Often Causes Too-Early Aging

Around 40, the gastric juices often begin to be scantier and weaker. Digestion slows down.

If unchecked, this slowing down can result in ill health and loss of energy—a feeling of age.

Fleischmann's Yeast brings people over 40 just the special help so many of them need, by stimulating the digestive juices to a more plentiful, more potent flow.

A generous supply of 4 vitamins in

Fleischmann's Yeast adds to its tonic action. These vitamins are commonly called the NERVE VITAMIN, the COLD-RESISTANCE VITAMIN, the BONE VITAMIN and the VITALITY VITAMIN.

Get into the way of eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—one cake ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. It's very little trouble and you'll be many times repaid by restored health, renewed energy.

\$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. (Letters and pictures cannot be returned.) Life Begins, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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The Legion Murder Case

(Continued from page 9)

got that. Some four, five years back as I recall."

"For poaching?"

"That's right," Abraham agreed. "Mr. Staton witnessed against him in justice court and Noah promised to get even some day."

The coroner put in, "Well, that's something to look into."

"Noah's a remembering sort," Abraham added, and pointing, led them over the pile of rocks.

The others stood beside him, looking down into the shallow water, where Mr. Staton lay on his face. Herb Merriam had to get hold of himself before he could look at the old man, spread out there on his face, with his arms above his head. He was wearing fishing togs, a duck coat with big pockets, and his waders, and his stiff-brimmed hat with its wire frame to hold up the mosquito net, lay there beside him in the water. There was a deep cut in the back of his head, which he might have got falling against a rock.

Abraham scrambled down to the water, with Merriam after him, but Doc Greene called out, "Just a minute, men. Never touch a cadaver until you've looked the place over."

Sheriff Wumble had seen enough already. He was the sort of man that has a touchy stomach, so he went back up the bank into the sunshine and stuffed his mouth with eating tobacco and looked the other way. But he stuck to his first idea.

"Nothing to get bothered about, Abraham," he said in his lazy voice. "Plain as high noon he fell and hit his head."

Abraham paid him no attention, only said: "Notice, Doc, the rod is in his left hand."

"That's right," Doc Greene admitted.

"He was left handed," Merriam reminded Abraham. "You see, his landing net, it's on the left side, too."

"I noticed that," Abraham admitted. "And you're right. He was a left handed fisherman."

The landing net was hooked by its elastic string around Mr. Staton's neck, and was caught up under the pit of his left arm. The rod lay on the bottom of the stream, with Mr. Staton's hand over it, and about six feet of line unreeled. The hook had caught on a red stem of kinnikinnick growing beside the bank, and the gut leader that fastened the hook to the line was stretched tight.

Abraham reached over and unhooked the fly from the bush, and slid his fish rule out of his pocket, and measured the length of the gut leader, while Merriam and Doc Greene stood looking at him. Then he put his rule away and said, "Three foot of leader. And dry as a bone."

"If it's dry, that means he hadn't started to fish yet," Merriam suggested. "He planned to get here around three o'clock. Maybe he came right out and fell. I wonder what time his watch stopped. If it did stop."

Abraham was still feeling the leader, running it between his thumb and finger, and he repeated, sort of to himself, "Perfectly dry. Hasn't been wet since last year." He took the fly next and examined it carefully, and Doc Greene leaned over, too. "It's a McGinty," Abraham said.

"A what?" the coroner asked.

"McGinty," Abraham repeated. "To represent a bumble bee." He reeled in the line and stood the rod against the rocks and turned to Greene. "If you'll give me a hand, we'll lift him ashore."

Doc Greene helped, and then examined the cut on Mr. Staton's head, while Abraham went through the old man's pockets.

"Could have been caused by any blunt instrument," the coroner decided. "Or, could have hit these rocks."

Abraham was looking at the old-fashioned gold watch he'd taken out of Mr. Staton's pocket. "Stopped at five minutes of three," he said.

Merriam exclaimed, "If I hadn't had a flat! I was over to Manton at three o'clock. Punctured a tire and found my spare flat, too. Had to walk back four miles to a filling station. All-night station, belongs to a man named Asher. It was just three when I got there. Thought about Dad then, that he ought to be just about getting here . . ."

Abraham said, off-hand, "You're a slow driver, Herb, taking all this time to get here from Manton."

"But I bought a patching kit and had



Pennsylvania's Auxiliary glee club champions, composed of members of William H. Nauss Unit of New Cumberland, who won top honors at the Department Convention at York. This splendid club finished in second place at the competition held during the National Convention in New York

to walk back four miles," Merriam explained. "Then fixed the tire. It was nearly five when I got started, and I stopped once, for a bite of breakfast."

But Abraham wasn't listening. He'd taken a flat mahogany case from Mr. Staton's pocket, and looked inside, and now held it, enviously, for the others to see. It had trout flies in it, six rows of them. He sort of grumbled, "Nice lot of flies now, isn't it?"

"No wonder some fellows catch all the fish," Doc Greene said.

"That's right," Abraham agreed. "These here are grasshoppers," he explained, pointing. "And this row here is caddis flies. And that's a squirrel tail, and that a royal coachman." He closed the box and picked up the rod again and hefted it on his hand and decided, "I guess we better go back to the club and talk to the boys on the porch."

"Before they beat it," Merriam said.

"They can't get far," Abraham answered. Leaving the body for the undertaker, they started to walk to camp. "I'd like an inquest," Abraham said.

The sheriff gave a little chuckle. "Stirring up some business for Doc, here?" he asked. "Me, I try to save the taxpayers' money."

"And maybe the state police could help," Abraham began, but the sheriff interrupted again, this time without a chuckle.

"I can get along without them state cops in my county!"

"Think mebbe we ought to have somebody," Abraham said.

Merriam touched his sleeve. "You think it looks like . . . foul play?"

Abraham just shrugged.

"Maybe," Merriam began, and hesitated, and then went on, "maybe I can help. I've got to call Chicago right away and report this. And there's a detective that's done a lot of work for us. For Dad, I mean. Industrial investigations, you know. Lake's his name."

"I'd send for him, if I was you," Abraham advised, and that's how Eddie Lake came to the Black Creek country.

Back at the clubhouse, the three men still were waiting.

"It's like this, fellows," Abraham said. "I haven't anything to hold you on, except Noah here, only as witnesses. But if the sheriff wants to take you over . . ."

"Why, yes, I'll do you that favor," Wumble agreed, thinking of the fifty cents a day he'd get for board for each of them.

"Sorry if it's going to inconvenience you," Abraham apologized to them. "Specially at the opening of the season. But if you'll just answer a question or two first . . ."

He started on Noah. And Noah commenced to blubber again. What still worried him chiefly was the fact that he might miss some of the fishing season. He hadn't even seen Mr. Staton lying there, he said; (Continued on page 46)

*Each tin
proves it
over and
over again..*



Better

Smoking

Tobacco

*..and here's
WHY*

—aged-in-wood
Burley tobacco
—extra good taste
—for pipe or
cigarette

2 full ounces
in every tin

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The Legion Murder Case

(Continued from page 45)

he ran because he thought Abraham wanted to see his license and he hadn't gotten around to buying it yet.

"But you got to admit," Abraham reminded him, "you talked plenty about getting even, when he had you arrested."

He turned to the caretaker, then. Prosser was in a fighting frame of mind. "If you've got anything on me, why, hang it!" he snapped. "I don't admit anything! There's nobody to say where I spent the night. I was alone, see? And if you ask me, it's true I didn't like Staton. Him and his million-dollar airs didn't hold with me."

"I HOPE you'll be cleared in time to get to your fishing," Abraham answered, very quiet. He knew Prosser liked to fish as much as the French-Canadian did, and thought that would be a way to calm him.

Christie, who still had the wild look in his eyes, was a harder matter. He'd got off the train at Cutlerville, and walked over to the camp, he said. Sure, he knew the place. He'd fished here a couple of times, but couldn't afford it lately. Of course he was a fisherman, he answered, sort of bridling. Only he fished closer to Chicago now. The train got into Cutlerville at four o'clock, and that should have put him in camp by five-thirty.

"But I got lost," he tried to explain. "Took the wrong path."

"Okay, mister," Abraham said, and turned to Merriam. "You was to meet Mr. Staton here this morning?" he asked. "Come up to fish?"

"No, no," Merriam explained. "I'm no fisherman. It was business. I had to talk to him. I was in Rogers City on a limestone deal. I'd called him on the 'phone just before he started, and he said to meet him here."

"I see," Abraham answered, and went into the house and Doc Greene and the sheriff took the other three men away. Merriam sat on the porch, waiting for the undertaker, after calling Chicago on the 'phone. But Abraham was pretty busy. He let himself into Mr. Staton's room, and looked things over carefully.

First thing he found, in the middle of the floor, was a round aluminum box, with a piece of gut leader in it. There were little pads of felt inside, and they were dry as the leader was, and he measured the gut that was left, and it was four and a half feet long. There were other aluminum boxes on the shelf, with the rest of the fishing outfit, and he opened them one at a time. Two were dry, and in the other two the felt was damp. He nosed around, looking at rods and reels and lines, and other boxes of flies, and at last went out on the back porch. There in the corner was a tin of fish-

worms, newly dug, and when Merriam followed him and asked where they came from, old Abraham explained, "I guess Prosser dug them up," and set the tin back where he got it.

The undertakers came at noon, and Merriam drove to Cutlerville after them, and left Abraham alone. When Merriam came back, he brought Eddie Lake with him.

Lake was a nicely dressed young fellow, cocky as a chipmunk. He said, "Evening, Mr. Anderson. Got any ideas?"

"I'm no detective," Abraham answered, sharply.

Eddie Lake smiled. "Of course not," he said. "That's very plain. But I've just got through talking to those men in jail, and to Herb, here. It seems everybody's had a chance to talk but you."

"Um," Abraham said, getting mad inside.

"You treated them to plenty questions. Maybe you'd like to answer some. Sauce for the gander, you know."

Well, Abraham sat down, to keep his knees from shaking, and this Eddie Lake poured questions at him. How'd he happen to be sneaking along in the dawn? Where had he been at three o'clock? Lots of impolite questions.

Abraham answered them, chewing his teeth, then asked, "When's the inquest?"

"Day after tomorrow," Merriam said. "Ten A.M. I've got to go to Chicago tonight. My wife's all broke up. I'll see her and come back."

"Why, sure," Abraham said. "Meanwhile we'll keep the suspects in jail. Unless Mr. Lake here can prove they aren't guilty."

"I'll put a little pressure on 'em tonight," Lake said. He laughed a nasty laugh. "They'll talk. Plenty."

AND that's how it stood when Doc Greene, looking scared, called the inquest at the Funeral Parlors on the morning of the third. Christie and Noah and Prosser all were sitting outside waiting to be called, and the undertaker, and Merriam and one of Mr. Staton's lawyers who had come up from the city with him, and Sheriff Wumble . . . everyone except Abraham, the one who had insisted on the inquest. At ten o'clock Doc Greene and Merriam and a couple of others stepped out to the street, and looked up and down and there Abraham was, coming afoot.

"Sorry I'm late," he said. "My car bogged down in the swamp. Got to get it out right quick, too, in case of a hurry call. And I need another jack."

"Okay," Doc Greene agreed. "We'll wait for you twenty minutes."

"May I borrow your jack, Herb?" Abraham asked Merriam, and Merriam said certainly, and went to his car and

lifted up the seat. He pawed around a minute, then he said:

"Don't find it here. I wonder if I could have left it where I repaired that tire, over near Manton."

"Never mind," Abraham said. "I'll get another," and he walked down toward the county garage. In half an hour he was back and Doc Greene called the inquest then, and swore in Abraham, and Abraham got on the stand, carrying a big cardboard box. Mr. Staton's boots and duck coat were hanging on the wall, and his rod stood in the corner. Abraham turned and looked at them and then at Eddie Lake, who whispered to him:

"We got the goods on Christie. Several things turned up, back at the office."

Doc Greene said, "Mr. Anderson, will you tell briefly just what happened, so far as you know it?"

"Well, soon as I saw the body I knew that Mr. Staton had got murdered," Abraham began, and the loafers that had strolled into the room all stretched their necks. "The way he lay, for one thing, on his face. He'd be on his back, more likely, if he'd slipped and hit his head."

EDDIE Lake spoke up. "How about it, coroner? Going to allow a layman to testify to medical matters?"

Doc Greene swallowed and said, "I guess you'd better stick to what you know, Mr. Anderson."

Abraham looked at Eddie Lake very calm, then he said, "Of course. Well, the way the body lay. And how it was dressed." He reached in his box and brought out Mr. Staton's landing net. "This net, for instance. Mr. Staton was left handed. Everybody knew that. He had the rod under his left arm, right enough. And this net hooked up to his left side, too."

"I don't get you," Doc Greene interrupted, so Abraham took Mr. Staton's pole from the corner, and held it in his left hand, and hung the net against his left side, and pretended he was going after a trout, snatching for the net.

"Couldn't reach it, could he? Left handed men always carry the net under the right arm. Like this. Otherwise they couldn't grab it in a hurry."

Doc Greene looked puzzled for another minute, and then he said, "Of course. Go on."

"And this hat, Doc, that was beside him," Abraham said. "Why, Mr. Staton never would wear it the first of May. It's a mosquito net hat, plenty bothersome even in July when the mosquitoes are bad. No, he'd wear a cap to fish in, May first. This one, for instance, that was in his room."

"I see." Doc Greene cleared his throat.

"And now look at his socks," Abraham

went on, fishing out a pair of silk socks from the box. "He had on his waders, and under them this pair of silk socks. And the locker in his room full of wool ones."

"Why wouldn't he wear silk?" Eddie Lake demanded.

"Because that water's just above freezing, mister. Nobody would wade in it in silk socks under his rubbers."

"Go on," Doc ordered.

"You got to remember Mr. Staton was a fisherman," Abraham pointed out. "Well, ask any real fisherman that's ever waded Black Creek what's the best bait in that stream the first of May. Flies? No, no. Worms. Plain old fashioned night crawlers and angleworms. There was a can of them at camp. Prosser had 'em ready. Dug 'em for him the day before. But what did Mr. Staton have on his line? A McGinty. A bumble bee. And him a fisherman! Nobody would have to tell Mr. Staton that you never fish bumble bees till July or August. And he wouldn't have taken that box of flies in his pocket, either. They were all late season types, excepting the squirrel tail, and he'd not even use that this early in the year."

"What are you getting at?" Eddie Lake asked suddenly.

"And the leader," Abraham went on, ignoring him. "The gut leader, that tied the fly to the line. Why, everybody knows you never cut a leader. Seven and a half foot long they come, and this was cut in two. Besides, it was dry, and every real fisherman knows a dry leader kinks and breaks. That's what the felt pads are for, in the aluminum boxes, to keep the leaders damp. Wet them the day before, always. Prosser had wet a couple for Mr. Staton, but the person that killed him didn't know that, and tied a dry one on the line."

"Do you have any idea who killed him?" Doc Greene asked suddenly.

"Why, surest thing," Abraham answered. "I'm leading up fast as I can. You see, Mr. Staton was killed somewhere else, and whoever killed him wanted to make it look like an accident, so he dressed Mr. Staton in his fishing things, and laid him out there in the stream. But the trouble was, Mr. Staton was a fisherman, and this other party wasn't. Didn't know the first thing about trout fishing."

"So that leaves Prosser out, certainly, and Noah, too. And even this man Christie . . . why, he's fished some." Abraham reached into his pasteboard box again and lifted a car jack from it. "I found this in the creek below the bridge, on the road to the camp. Got to looking for a weapon, see, and when there wasn't any, I sort of walked back along the road, thinking what would I do if I'd hit Mr. Staton with something and wanted to get rid of it . . . and there it lay in the clear water. I guess we can figure what make of car it come out of."

But that's as (Continued on page 48)



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The Legion Murder Case

(Continued from page 47)

far as the inquest ever went, for Sheriff Wumble was standing up, hollering, "Set down, you!" to Herbert Merriam. And Eddie Lake was hollering, too, about something being an outrage, and Merriam was starting toward the door. But the sheriff was in his way, and say what you want against Wumble, there's a man that can completely block a door.

Abraham was disappointed, of course, for there were a couple of other things he'd wanted to say. He didn't often have a chance to testify at inquests, and hated to be cut off short. Merriam was hollering that Mr. Staton had cheated him out of his inheritance, and that he didn't mean to hit him so hard, and it was an accident, and all that, so Abraham didn't have a chance to tell the rest till later.

He'd remembered for example, the way Mr. Staton had been giving away his money, and he knew that wouldn't set well with Merriam. So there he had a motive. And first thing Merriam said himself, was how he never fished.

Merriam told everything, how he followed Mr. Staton up the night before from Rogers City to have a talk with him. It was true about him stopping at Manton, but Mr. Staton was dead already, and he just went up there and fixed the tire story for an alibi. He'd gotten to the camp the first time just at midnight . . . ahead of the old man . . . and when the old man drove in, Merriam called him and he got in his son-in-law's car, and they argued, and Merriam picked up the jack . . . by accident, he said.

Sheriff Wumble took Merriam to jail, and Abraham went over to Doc Greene and said, "There's one more thing. About the watch, in Mr. Staton's pocket. It was stopped at three, all right. But the stem had been pulled out to set it, and hadn't been pushed in again."

Whoever had stopped it had forgotten to push it back, and that's what tied Merriam up right from the beginning. He'd been so careful about the exact time he was at Manton, pretending to fix a tire.

This Eddie Lake tried to claim the credit, and Abraham would have let him have it, gladly, but the papers thought differently. They said Abraham was the detective. But he isn't, he'll tell you so himself. He's just a fisherman.

My Beat Was La Roquette

(Continued from page 27)

half as tough as they make me out."

"That's what I thought," I answered. "You're a human being like the rest of us. Just figured things out wrong."

"Yes, major," he admitted. "I guess you're right."

And then he spilt his story to me. And I submit it's some yarn, the record of Corporal Thomas S. Scullion. Like many another criminal case, you can trace the germs right back to childhood. He was born in Ireland of parents who emigrated soon after his birth. They settled in Chicago, in the stockyards district. Mother died when he was two. Father married again and the boy's stepmother hated him. Shoved out of home on his own, he never finished grade school. But far from starving into puniness, he developed into husk enough to win the heavyweight championship of the stockyards. That detail ought to be enough to give his measure as a fighting man.

When we declared war, Scullion enlisted early, went overseas with the 111th Machine Gun Battalion of the 29th Division and saw action in a quiet sector and in the Meuse-Argonne. As has been mentioned, he lost interest after the Armistice. The idea of proceeding to Paris and relaxing, which seems to have been rather prevalent at the time, occurred to Scullion. But General Pershing or somebody decided it might be unwise for the entire A. E. F. to go to town. Scullion was one of the lads who, when refused, up and went regardless.

Getting to Paris AWOL and sticking around for any length of time was no mean feat. Scullion swung it. Now some pretty good shots in the German

army had missed him and so did the M. P.'s. But not the mademoiselles. One of 'em rounded him up and he fell in love with her. Being a fine figure of a man, he hardly left her cold, but primarily she was on the make. Scullion found that out when his money ran low. To keep the foreign fires burning, he hit on the idea of buying cigarettes from the Y and selling them at a profit to the French.

Then he eliminated the cost item by stealing the cigarettes. Again not enough.

What it took to support a mademoiselle in the style to which she was accustomed was to be had in the suburban railroad yards at Ivry—freight cars full of American Army supplies. Scullion broke into the cars and sold the swag to the French, with no questions asked. Business got so good he needed an auto for trucking, and not just any auto.

Certainly Tom Scullion, Chicago grade-school non-graduate, never heard of Robin Hood. Nevertheless a typical Sherwood Forest point of honor gripped the imagination of this A. E. F. outlaw. The automobile he must have was the limousine of the High Sheriff of Nottingham—I mean the Provost Marshal of Paris—and damned if he didn't turn the trick, driving the car off from right in front of the A. P. M. office under the noses of two sentries.

That night he drove out to Ivry with a pal and began loading up with typewriters and tires. In the midst of it two French gendarmes jumped them, closing in from opposite directions along the tops of the cars of the freight train that was being robbed. Down on the ground Scullion pulled his automatic pistol. He fired just two shots at those shadowy

running figures blurred by the blackness of the night. Both gendarmes toppled over, one seriously wounded, the other deadlier than a door nail.

Scullion knew he ought to beat it out of Paris. The law would be hot after him soon. But his pal persuaded him they could spend one more night with their girls.

Cherchez la femme, say the French, and all my experiences as an M. P. convinced me that truer words were never spoken. Searching for the woman, a heavy detail of French and American constabulary disturbed the privacy of Scullion and his mademoiselle. He sat up in bed, looked over the raid in force and its armament and remarked: "Cheez, I thought the war was over!"

They tried to get him to sign a confession but he refused.

"So they handcuffed me wid me hands behind a chair," he related, "and swung on me jaw. The harder they swung, the furer I stuck out me jaw. They had to go paint their paws wid iodine. Then they worked out on me wid a hose wid an iron slug in it. I figured I had a better chance wid a courtmartial, so I said gimme that confession. Well, I went and signed me own death warrant."

Scullion was taken to his first hearing before the court handcuffed, leg-ironed and shut up in an ambulance with a guard with shotguns, and the ambulance was followed by a car with more guards.

After I had been in command at La Roquette for a while, I was ordered to bring him before the court again.

I ordered him to be shaved and put on his best uniform. It was a smart soldier I took out of his cell and told,

"Come on, Tom, we're going to trial."
He stuck out his hands. "No bracelets," I said. His mouth gaped open. "We're human beings," I repeated. "I can trust you."

"Major," he came back at me, "you'll never regret that." And he promised me he would not try to escape as long as I was warden at La Roquette, and he kept his word. (After I left he tried but failed.)

Without a gun in the car, my chauffeur drove us to the trial. When I brought Scullion unshackled into the room where the court was sitting, I thought the colonels and other high rankers were going right under the table. There was no trouble except for the accused. The evidence against him was plenty strong. I knew things looked black for Scullion when I took him back to jail to await the verdict.

When the papers on his case arrived, it was my duty to go to the prisoner's cell and read them to him complete. My voice must have sounded like the crack of doom as I read to him the court's sentence that he was to be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead.

Under that impact, Scullion stood there swaying on rooted feet, his body sort of weaving around in a circle the way they tell me all condemned men do when they get the bad news.

"Hold on there. Wait," I blurted out.

"They ain't goin' to do more. They can't," he groaned.

Hastily I read on. Higher authority in reviewing the findings had discovered technical errors in the indictment and had commuted the sentence to imprisonment for twenty years.

"They gimme a break," Scullion gasped with relief. "Say, major, I'll still be a young man when I get out!"

He was, too, but that's anticipating my story.

Orders came that I was to start athletics in the prison. There wasn't room for anything but boxing, and the poor cooped-up birds in La Roquette hadn't the slightest enthusiasm for it. A good show had to be staged, so I put on the gloves with Scullion. That lad was handy with the mitts. We boxed two rounds, then stood toe to toe and slugged. He cracked a tooth, blackened an eye and split a lip for me. When an accidental swipe from the lacing of my glove ripped his cheek, the former champ of the Chicago stockyards hauled off and knocked me across the corridor onto the back of my neck. Well, it was in line of duty and it got the boxing going. Scullion and I put on other bouts. He never failed to back me up as I had backed him.

My tour of duty as an M. P. had other highlights besides Scullion. It involved jail breaks, trailing forgers, policing the *Folies Bergères*, and adventures with two A. E. F. masqueraders who made fools of us all. (Continued on page 50)

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My Beat Was La Roquette

(Continued from page 49)

But they are other yarns. I said good-bye to Scullion when I was relieved at La Roquette to rejoin my outfit and sail home on the *Leviathan*, aboard which I was detailed as recreation officer. One day at sea I received a message that somebody down in the brig wanted to see me. It was Scullion, en route to Leavenworth Penitentiary.

Time marches on to 1923. I was traveling through Leavenworth and de-

cided to go to see Tom Scullion. You don't forget a man like that. He and I had been through considerable together. At the Penitentiary, they told me he had been transferred to the Disciplinary Barracks; that his sentence had been a great deal reduced through good behavior.

Over at the Barracks I found an officer who was an old friend of mine, and asked for Scullion. In a few words the officer gave me the last chapter.

Scullion had only a little time left to serve. How little perhaps he didn't realize. Anyway he broke jail. He got hold of a mule, mounted and dug in his heels to ride hell-for-leather to a getaway. The mule balked. Up on the wall a guard raised his rifle and fired.

That was the end of Thomas S. Scullion, one-time machine-gun corporal. As he foretold, he was still a young man when he got out.

The Life and Death of Charles G. Clement

(Continued from page 15)

would have been a captain again, had not his death in action ended the most gallant fight of any soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces, a lone boy's battle to redeem himself which meant more to me than the whole Argonne fighting, or for that matter the entire World War itself.

Among the millions who fought that war, Allied or enemy, there was no more heroic figure than that of Charles G. Clement, ex-commanding officer of Co. E, 328th Infantry of the Eighty-second Division. Today, just nineteen years after that bloody October shambles on the Argonne slopes, his story has not yet been told. It is time all the facts came out. It is not too late to right a great wrong, to abolish that unjust disgrace.

In an abandoned blanket the chaplain and I bore the body of Charles G. Clement back past regimental headquarters. We buried him there in the churchyard at Châtel-Chéhéry, just the chaplain and I. Around his neck was still the dog-tag identifying him as captain of Co. E. And so we marked on the crude make-shift cross his rank of better days—"Captain."

From many questions I learned the details of how he had died. On the crest of Cornay Ridge massed enemy machine guns and deadly sniper fire had been holding back every attempt of the Americans to advance. Volunteers to clear the ridge had been asked for, and of course Charles G. Clement was first to volunteer. Under heavy fire, from shell-hole to shell-hole he had worked his way to the crest. His pistol and grenades found their marks. One, perhaps more, enemy nests were silenced. Then a sniper picked off Charles Clement. But the regiment went on!

WHY should I, a mere buck private, and company barber to boot, be telling this story? Because company barbers learn everything and because Captain Clement was my friend when his "disgrace" alienated his former acquaint-

ances, as a private cannot mingle socially with officers even though he once was an officer himself.

In a barber's chair, no matter that it be fashioned from packing cases, men relax and talk—and officers always are privileged customers in the chair of a military barber.

I first remember Captain Clement at the time I set up my first chair for the Headquarters Company of the 328th Infantry at Camp Gordon, Georgia. But Captain Clement was not an original customer. I then served only the officers and men of the Headquarters Company. I remember him chiefly from those days because in size he was the smallest company commander in the regiment, just an inch or two over five feet, but stocky and with a very deep voice. In peacetime he had been a high school teacher in Atlanta.

Overseas, just a few days after the Division took over the Toul sector from the Yankee Division I met him again under sad circumstances. A lieutenant in my company asked me to give Captain Clement a hair-cut in the quarters of my own company commander. Recalling the small captain, I asked with interest if he had been transferred to our company. I liked the idea. The lieutenant's answer was brief. "No," he said, "he is under arrest, waiting for a general courtmartial."

All I knew about army law was a summary courtmartial I got once for being A.W.O.L. It never seemed to me that a man on trial got a chance. They just found you guilty anyway, and a general courtmartial, I knew, was even more serious.

On that first visit I did not find out what the charges against Captain Clement were, although I did my best, naturally being curious. Later, he talked in general terms about his case, though, and he often seemed bitter and resentful against some of those he held responsible for bringing the charges against him.

"I may have had a few too many

drinks," I recall that he told me one day. "But I was the only captain to take an outfit over. I'd have got a prisoner, too, if they had let me go on."

The first part surprised me because it was plain that the captain was not a drinking man. In all our acquaintance I think he drank moderately of wine only two or three times. I never saw him intoxicated. At his trial I was told that he testified he took several drinks of cognac, to which he was not accustomed.

It seems an enemy machine gun had been firing on Clement's men when sentries were being posted. Without orders, or asking proper permission, he had called his company together and asked them if they would go over and get the enemy gun. I was told that all agreed to go, but maybe they were just humoring him, if he was acting strange because of taking drinks he could not handle. At any rate he was the only captain at that time to lead his men out against the Germans. As they got near the enemy lines the liquor got in its work. Just what the captain did to show he was drunk I never did find out, but he had been brought back by his men. Everyone got back safe, and then some officer who was always quarreling with Captain Clement reported him as being drunk in the face of the enemy. That was what he was arrested for.

I saw Captain Clement every day while he was awaiting trial. All at once he seemed to change from being bitter, and seemed confident everything would come out all right. Other officers called on him to cheer him up. He certainly did not lack for friends. I know one day I was giving the colonel a haircut in his quarters and several officers who were there were talking about the case. All seemed to think Captain Clement had been punished enough.

On the day the courtmartial was held I gave Captain Clement a final haircut and shave. He seemed sure of being acquitted, and so eager was he to face his accusers,

he fairly glowed until he looked like a boy of eighteen.

But it was not to turn out that way. I shaved him the day that he learned what his sentence would be. He was disappointed, depressed, but still defiant.

"My own company officers all were against me," he said. "The testimony of one lieutenant and a sergeant was the worst. I could not have been as drunk as they said. But I would not lie. I told the court I had taken drinks."

"What will they do to you?" I asked.

"They have sentenced me to five years in Leavenworth Prison," he answered. "I have been dismissed from the service as an officer. I am no longer even a citizen. I cannot ever hold office or vote. I am completely disgraced."

"My God, it can't be as bad as that," I exclaimed.

"It's plenty bad," he said. "What will my family and friends back in the States think? There is just one chance to lick this thing. I asked the court to let me enlist as a private in my own company. I told them I would serve my prison sentence when the war was over, if they permit me to enlist. I didn't do anything a red-blooded soldier wouldn't have done. What I did was just the opposite of cowardice, drinks or no drinks. If they let me enlist I will prove that I am a soldier and a man."

There was a long wait, almost a month, before Captain Clement knew whether he would be allowed to enlist. But finally they said he could and I never saw a happier man when he got that word. He wanted to enlist in his own company to prove his manhood. He wanted to show the men that he had commanded that he would do anything and everything he would ever have asked them to do. The colonel did not permit that, because it would have been bad to have Clement under the officers he had once commanded, so he was assigned to the Headquarters Company of the same regiment.

He certainly was happy to be in the service again. And he got on fine with the men he served with in the observation and intelligence section. I still called him "Captain" whenever we met, but he begged me not to. "The less anyone knows about what happened to me the better I like it," he said. But a thing like a former captain enlisting as a private could not be a secret forever. It wasn't long before everyone in the Division knew about Clement. Most men still called him "Captain" but he always protested. He really wanted to be a plain buck. And he was just about a model private soldier.

I didn't see so much of Clement when we took over the front in the Marbache sector from the Second Division, because he was up with the observation group while I was around regimental headquarters. The Germans made that sector plenty hot, shelling us night and day and dropping airplane bombs, both in the rear (Continued on page 52)

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The Life and Death of Charles G. Clement

(Continued from page 51)

areas and on the front lines. I heard that Clement was taking all kinds of chances, but always the brave things he was doing were in line of duty—not as though he was trying to get killed.

One day I was sent up front with a message and there I met Clement. While we stood talking a bunch of enemy airplanes flew right over where we were standing. I tried to pull him under cover with me. "I never saw a more beautiful sight in my life," he said, standing where he was, watching, until the planes passed out of sight.

I told him I heard he was doing great work, leading patrols in No Man's Land. "I'm only doing what I'm told to do," he replied.

One night when he was off duty we went together to a place I had found where we got a bottle of wine. I told him I thought he would surely get his commission back from all the fine things I had heard about him. "They can stick it," he said briefly. "I'm satisfied to be where and what I am."

The small former captain did one fine piece of work when the Division took Norroy away from the Germans. He saw an enemy machine gun holding up the advance from where he sat in his observation post. Asking permission to go forward with the dough-boys, although he didn't have to, he captured that machine gun with hand grenades, dodging sniper fire as he crawled to where the gun was. The capture of the gun let the whole regiment advance.

The next time I saw him was when we were being relieved by another Division. He was wearing sergeant's stripes, although I am told there was some mistake about that. I think some lower officer had given him the warrant to be a sergeant and then the colonel would not approve it. It wasn't that the colonel didn't wish Clement well—both the officers and enlisted men wanted to see him make a come-back—but I think the colonel didn't want to promote him too fast. Certainly all that army records show is that Clement was promoted to private first class, but that he was wearing three stripes when I saw him leaving St.

Mihiel I am just as certain, for I remember congratulating him.

"I don't give a damn about the stripes," he said. "It wasn't fair to promote me ahead of men longer in the outfit. They did as much as I."

He was occasionally bitter. I recall going through the delousing plant with Clement when we were relieved after St. Mihiel. He was filthy and his body was one big rash from lice bites. When they gave us back the same clothes we had worn before going through the plant, with the cooties still in the seams, he was bitter. He said if he was commanding the company he would have got clean underwear and uniforms somewhere.

At all times, inaction seemed to bother him most, though even when he expressed anxiety to get back into battle he appeared concerned for the other men in the outfit—that they had not had proper rest after three solid months in the lines.

The worst mood in which I ever found Clement was one day when he had seen his old company march by with the lieutenant who had reported him for being drunk marching at their head. He was positively vengeful that day. "I'll come out on top yet," he swore. "If I come out of this I'll square accounts, take my word for it."

He brooded a lot after that. Before, he had shared a bottle of wine with me. A company barber had opportunities to find wine sellers that the average soldier did not. My next invitation to share a drink, he declined. "Not even wine until this damn show is over," he said.

On another occasion he suddenly exclaimed, "The more I hang around, the worse I feel about that courtmartial. I wasn't yellow—if I did make a mistake. It was not justice."

I said: "But think when this is over. The men will be talking about what they did in the war and they will remember what you have done. Do you think they will care about that courtmartial? No, they will remember that you were the captain with guts enough to go out and do something, and you continued to show guts when you were just a private.

That cheered him up for the time

being, but most of the time I think his mind was in agony. Like acid his memories were corroding inside him.

St. Mihiel was a picnic compared to the Argonne. With full packs we marched five hours before we were halted by heavy shell-fire on the road. I marched with the first platoon to be with Clement. I thought he was troubled by the weight of his pack and offered to carry it for him. "I'd drop dead first," he replied.

That was a terrible night. We were halted in the road with enemy shells dropping in and around us, and the cries of the wounded screaming out in pain. Finally, to stop the senseless slaughter we were ordered to abandon packs where they lay, and to dig in with rifles, ammunition and canteens. The fact we had struggled five hours under packs only to be told to abandon them when we reached our destination seemed to give Clement ironic amusement. He so expressed an opinion of those responsible. But maybe he was just brightening at the thought of action again.

I saw Clement briefly the following evening after the long night spent in fox-holes. He had been scouting for regimental headquarters.

"It looks bad, but it's all fun while it lasts," he told me cheerfully. At that moment a shell screamed towards us and fell not twenty feet away. Clement shouted for me to dive for a hole, as the shrill whistle sounded, but he did not take cover himself. Fortunately the shell was a dud. He was again fatalistic. He was sure he would come through the war unscathed.

At that moment I was called to take a dispatch to brigade headquarters.

Bright in my memory, I still have that last picture of Charles G. Clement in life, a smile on his face, eagerness in his bearing for whatever lay ahead, a small man in stature, the greatest man I ever knew in soul.

The thrilling story of Charles G. Clement's come-back career as a private in the regiment in which he had served as a captain will be told in the next two issues of the Magazine.

Mice and Men

(Continued from page 17)

mouse unit, this speeds up her maturity so that she shows adult ripening of these organs at an earlier age. Thus the mouse, injected with a sufficient quantity of Prolan A from the secretion of a teratoma case, shows these organic changes. Unless the patient under test has tera-

toma, she fails to show these changes. Likewise the quantity of Prolan A yielded by the patient can be measured by using different dosages on different mice.

Six mice are used in a single test, to give a quantitative measurement of the patient's condition. Each mouse re-

ceives five doses spaced over a period of forty-eight hours. Mouse 1 gets one-tenth cubic centimeter of secretion at each dose; Mouse 2 gets two-tenths; Mouse 3 gets four-tenths. Mouse 4 gets at each dose one-tenth cubic centimeter of a concentrated extract five times as

strong as the natural liquid; Mouse 5 gets two-tenths; Mouse 6, four-tenths. Thus the dosage of the six mice ranges over the equivalent of one-half cubic centimeter of natural fluid to ten cubic centimeters. Moreover, there are two types of reaction, one five times as sensitive as the other. Thus, if Mouse 1 shows the more sensitive reaction, this is equivalent to 2000 mouse units of Prolan A; but if she shows the less sensitive reaction, this means 10,000 mouse units, and an advanced stage of teratoma. At the other extreme, if only Mouse 6 shows a reaction (this will, of course, be the more sensitive of the two reactions), this means only 100 mouse units of Prolan A, which probably indicates no abnormal condition.

Teratoma was, until this test was developed, considered a rather rare disease. The reason was that it was seldom recognized until it had advanced to such a stage that the man usually died of some other apparent cause. Cancer specialists visiting our hospital express astonishment at the number of teratoma patients under treatment here. One said, "Seven teratomas! Why, I've only seen two in all my life!" Actually, the mouse test gives us so much more accurate a diagnosis than was ever before possible that we detect many teratomas before they would be otherwise recognizable. As has been previously mentioned, the earlier this disease is recognized, the better the chances of cure.

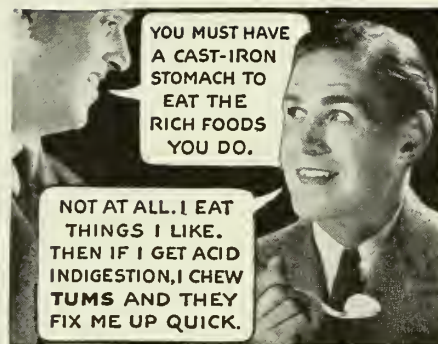
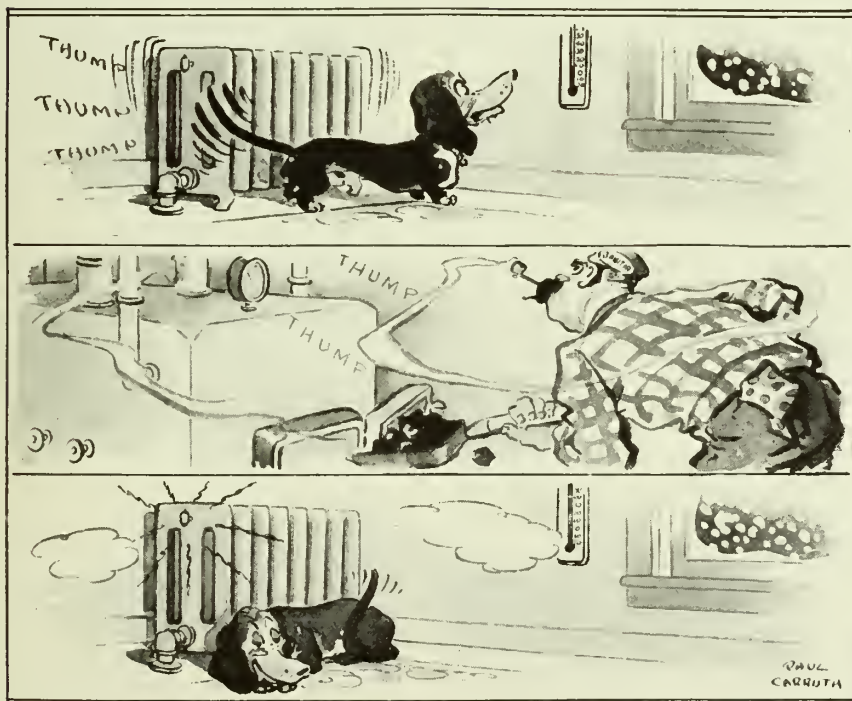
We have handled 145 teratoma cases so far, a number which has been equaled only in the New York City hospital where the mouse technique has been similarly developed. We keep a map with pins showing the geographical distribution

of these cases. They cluster thick around the Middle West, scatter sparsely over the rest of the United States. This territory has no teratoma concentration, rather here it gets recognized much more readily, thanks to the female white mice. As a matter of fact, Veterans Administration Facilities all through the country use our mouse laboratory for diagnosing teratoma, merely sending us a sample. So we have pins scattered from Oregon to Florida.

From the standpoint of economy, both to the Veterans Administration and also to the veteran, this method is a great money-saver. We figure the Administration is saving transportation and hospitalization costs of about \$4,000 a year because many former patients now get a much more accurate checking every month by sending us a bottle through the mail, than formerly they obtained by coming in for periodic clinical examination. The saving to patients who are getting along all right and who thus keep on working instead of laying off for a trip to the hospital must run into much larger sums. There is no possible way to compute the value of the human lives saved or prolonged through bringing back to the hospital for treatment at the first sign of recurrence those patients who were not completely arrested by their last treatment with us.

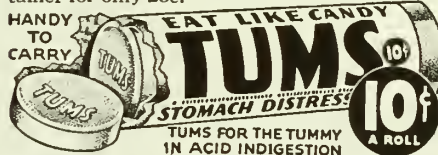
Here is the sort of thing that happens. George Jones comes to the hospital, shows 2,000 mouse units of Prolan A on his first test. So he is promptly given clinical treatment—Roentgen rays, let us say. After two weeks, we find he tests only 200 mouse units, which may not be too much considering the damage already done by the (Continued on page 54)

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AGENTS PICK UP DOLLAR BILLS



Mice and Men

(Continued from page 53)

cancer. A week later he still tests 200 mouse units. If he is otherwise all right, we probably tell him to go home and send us a sample in a month—we even send him the bottle, the shipping container, and the labels. George may continue to show 200 units for the rest of his life, or even drop to 100 units or to negative. But the moment he tests higher and shows an increase for a couple of months, this indicates a reactivation of the cancer, and back he comes for treatment. If we, George, and the mice remain on the job, working together, we may keep George well and alive for an indefinite number of years, even though we might not completely cure him. Our

hope, which we thus far cannot definitely state as an accomplished fact, is that most of the George Joneses who come to us will be definitely cured.

Visitors ask us whether this method will be applicable to other and more frequent types of tumors, whether it will not be extended to make cancer a much less formidable enemy of mankind than it now is. This is the sort of question no scientist likes, as it puts him to prophecy, which is not a scientific function.

Frankly, we know that in combatting teratoma we have accomplished the results here outlined in non-technical language. Our tumor research, in capable hands, is going forward along half a dozen

different lines of investigation. Thousands of other scientists the world over are likewise working at assorted problems.

How far it will go, whether cancer will ever be definitely beaten, how much progress will be made within any specified number of years—all this, just between you and me, we had rather leave to the Sunday supplement writers, who seem to know all the answers before these become apparent to the mere scientist.

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How Much Do People Want Peace?

(Continued from page 11)

man very angry. He said they had interfered with his great demonstration. But that always seemed to me a very lame argument because all the Board of Health did, according to his own theory, was to take away a dead cat that wasn't there anyhow.

Now, I realize fully that I am bucking a very popular and beautiful idea in what I have to say, but I iterate that you cannot get rid of cats, dead or alive, either by thinking them away or by calling them Persian rugs.

But the funny part about this man was that the basic idea he was playing around with and didn't understand was sound, and that was that material things are temporary and changeable while the intangible—spiritual or mental concepts and principles—are permanent and real. For instance, I doubt very much, if that cat's own mother were to meet it today in its changed physical and chemical condition, she would even recognize it. On the other hand, history proves that the principles of human nature haven't changed one bit since the beginning of the record.

There have been and are a lot of people living in this world, and while they have been and are divided into groups with varying languages and superficial racial or national characteristics, they were and are all beings endowed with certain fundamental traits, among which are love, heroism, patriotism, acquisitiveness, ambition, loyalty, envy, hate, malice, greed, cowardice, cruelty and self-preservation—the same traits that motivated those who made history B.C. or A.D. and the same that motivated and motivate Europe, America, Mongolia, Liberia, Iceland, Broadway and Main Street. And they are the same that will impel the

actions of people long after all of us have died and gone wherever it is we go, if we do. Yet the knowledge that human nature doesn't change is of absolutely no use to the human race because the peculiar refusal to profit by that knowledge is one of the very attributes of human nature which doesn't change. That is why history repeats itself.

Speaking of history, I do not know just why so much of it should be filled with wars, massacres, murders and the horrible taking of human life in one way or another. It is horrible. Well, anyway, I had nothing to do with it. Personally, I think they killed a lot of the wrong people. Now and then someone showed a glimmer of intelligence and rendered an outstanding public service. But generally it has been a most carelessly and wantonly conducted business. Personal feelings have too often overshadowed pure interest in the general welfare. And it is remarkable what little success the human race has had in depleting itself in view of the earnest and long-continued effort it has made. The only answer seems to be that it has found that procreating itself is equally if not more interesting and entertaining.

Maybe you can think away the fact that we are living in a world of nations, just because you do not like the idea, but I am unimpressed by the results obtained so far. Nations are but magnified human beings—groups of individuals. And the motives that animate a human being separately are the same that animate him in a bunch.

Now, it seems to me there is only one real justification for any nation's going to war, and that is in self-defense.

There is only one sensible policy, and that is to do your best to avoid a war, but,

if you can't avoid it and properly protect yourself, do your best to win it. There isn't much sense in deliberately assuming an attitude that *invites* a war by advertising to the world at large that you are in no condition to win it if it does start.

It has often been said that wars never accomplish anything. Study the results of some we have had and draw your own conclusions. But it isn't very important, anyhow, because we all do a lot in this life that never accomplishes anything, frequently not because we want to, but because the conditions under which we live compel us. Of course a war is not the pleasantest thing I can think of. But neither is a dose of salts. Still, after you have more or less necessarily got either one in your system, you're practically compelled to do something about it.

Many people say they are opposed to war. Well, I am opposed to cancer, fires, floods, sit-down strikes, murders, automobile accidents, chiseling golf scores and so much sex stuff in literature and on the stage and screen. So what?

A doctor once told me that to cure any ailment, physical or mental, you must first find the cause. This idea appealed to me as reasonable. So I asked him what you did when you found the cause, and he said you then eliminated that cause and the ailment was on its way out. That also sounded reasonable. Now, most everybody admits that there is a cause for every war. In fact many books have been written on the causes of this war and of that war. From these books not only do all wars seem to have had different causes, but few of the writers agree entirely on the cause or causes of any particular one. The trouble is that none of them really treats of the cause. They call it that, but it isn't. They simply dis-

cuss the conditions which existed to make the cause operate, for there is one cause of every war, and that is the reaction of the elements of human nature to existing circumstances. So, following the doctor's advice, all you have to do to procure universal peace is to root out from human nature those elements that bring about war. That makes the solution of the problem very simple and at the same time wholly impossible, because nobody has ever changed human nature or shown how it could be done. And, if you could somehow sift out those human elements which cause war, you would have so few interesting characteristics left that peace would become a horrible bore.

I suppose the question in which any sensible person is vitally interested is how to have as much peace as possible under conditions as they actually exist. There probably have been presented to this long-suffering world as many plans for abolishing war as for creating perpetual motion. Success has been about equal in each field.

All ideas of forcing peace upon the world at large are based upon the theory that instead of letting two nations carry on their own local war and the rest co-operating in a sincere effort to keep out of it, we should arrange in advance to have every nation get into it at the beginning so as to be sure it will be a world war from the start. Annoying as it may be, any international police force employed against a nation or nations either by ourselves in conjunction with one nation, or with many, is a war, no matter what pet name you choose to give it. People are just as dead when they are shot in the interest of world peace as in the interest of national greed or national defense. They are just as dead in Ethiopia and China where they don't have wars as in any other place where they do. And I think most of the boys who still carry around the results of 1917-18 find that the personal discomfort is about the same whether they got it in a war which was a grand flop as a "war to end war" or a considerable success as one maintaining the national integrity of these United States. I'll go further, even, and say it would be just the same if they hadn't called the World War a war at all.

I am not in favor of supplying American soldiers to be shot up settling an argument between a couple of musical-comedy countries thousands of miles away, or a couple of big-shot nations, even as a burnt offering upon the mystic shrine of "World Peace." I am very hard-boiled that way.

The theory of the American advocates of meddling in the affairs of other nations seems to be that because of so-called modern civilized conditions throughout the world no war can start anywhere without the possibility of our becoming embroiled in it, and therefore the only way to be sure not to get into it later is to make certain we get into it sooner. It

assumes that there can no longer be any war without everybody taking a hand in it. But it is an assumption which can only be a reality if they insist on pursuing it. The only nations who get into a war are either those who want to get into it or those whom the belligerents insist on dragging into it. But, of course, if everybody insists on becoming overwhelmed by this assumed inevitability of unanimous participation, there is no better way than to make complete arrangements beforehand for everybody to get in right at the start and enjoy as much of the war as possible.

The moral effect of preparedness by the combined armed forces of many nations, all with varied interests, in defense of peace is quite different from that of one nation in its own defense, because it is not often that one nation finds its own interests conflicting with its own interests. Like individuals again, nations get into the least amount of trouble minding their own business. But now and then even that won't work, of course. Any man who has to make his way in this country has found that he has had to fight others who threatened his position or opposed his progress. And a nation has its own way to make in the world.

The real difficulty with almost all the plans for world peace is that they are predicated not upon human nature as it is, but upon human nature as the proponent of the plan would like to have it. They are designed to operate under conditions which do not exist and to bring about a result which, if such conditions did exist, would inevitably ensue from the conditions themselves without any necessity for the plan. They ignore things like balances of power, national and personal ambitions and aspirations, economic and natural affiliations and animosities among nations and diplomatic intrigue—all because they *oughtn't* to be there. They try to think these things away.

Furthermore, armament, of itself, has nothing to do with bringing about war. It is the intent and purpose of a nation in arming, or what is believed by other nations to be that intent and purpose, that is essential. The armament is the result of a national attitude, not the cause of it.

So far as I know there has never been but one proposal in this country which is based on human nature as it really is. And for that very reason it has met with so much opposition that as yet it has not been adopted. That plan is now before Congress and has been there in one form or another for most of the time since the World War. Its purpose is to establish a policy to be followed in a national emergency which will take the profit out of war by insuring the unified utilization of men, money and material of the nation. If adopted, every possible enemy of this country would immediately know that the entire resources of the nation will be thrown (Continued on page 56)

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How Much Do People Want Peace?

(Continued from page 55)

into any war immediately and not after we finish an argument as to whether we really should be in the war which we are actually in. This knowledge is going to give a good stiff kick to the anxiety of that possible enemy to start one. Again, everybody in *this* country will know that there will be no profit in a war if we have one, and those who might otherwise itch to stir one up are going to lose a considerable amount of their enthusiasm.

This plan is so good and so practical that the superficial observer might wonder why it has not been long ago adopted and why it has been and is so bitterly opposed by certain organized groups. The answer is that the plan is *too* good. Nobody familiar with the subject and selfishly flirting with war is at all worried about the other plans. These go merrily along not only unopposed, but encouraged by such persons because they know they won't work anyhow. But here is a plan which looks as if it *might* work; so they fight it as hard as possible.

But more than this, the question continually arises and remains unanswered—definitely, at least: Does a considerable part of our populace *want* to take the profit out of war? Is capital keen to have its activities curtailed and its earnings restricted to a minimum during a period which opens such rare possibilities for increase in both? Is labor cheering wildly for a scheme which will compel it to forego another opportunity to earn up to a

hundred dollars a week with the freedom to strike for more, and bring it to the necessity of serving as soldiers for thirty dollars a month and board under military restraint and discipline? Well, what do *you* think?

But, my dear fellow citizens, should the answer be in the negative, that is neither strange nor abnormal. It is just human nature. Too many people are not nearly so much interested in keeping this nation out of a war as they are interested, if it gets into one, how they, individually, can keep out of it and how much they can get out of it. They may not be really anxious for a war to start, but they are really anxious, if it does start, to let somebody else do the fighting while they stay home and do the milking, because the milking has been very good in every war in the past for those who stayed home and diligently attended to it.

But for the man who is going to be a soldier, the mother whose son is to be one, the wife whose husband is to be one and that glorious group of patriotic citizens who, although they will stay home, will be burdened with suffering, privation, personal sacrifice, generous giving and killing taxation in the name of patriotism—what about them? They neither desire war nor to profit by it. After all, they are the people really worth while in this country, who make it what it is, who are willing to sacrifice to keep it what it ought to be and who, while they have the

same human desire for profit as anyone else, are really civilized enough to refrain from taking it from the life-blood of their fellow citizens. And they *should* be willing to express that determination in advance, to help keep this nation out of war, or, if it gets into one, to bring it out quickly, triumphantly and economically.

If this group of citizens is large enough and interested enough and active enough to insist that the profit be taken out of war, it will succeed. If it is not, there is but one conclusion to be drawn, and that is that the majority of the people in this country are not really, honestly, earnestly, sensibly and whole-heartedly desirous of keeping out of war, no matter how much they may idly prate about peace.

There are people who prefer profit to peace and others who prefer noble schemes for peace to peace itself; but surely there must be a host of decent, practical, sensible, patriotic persons who earnestly place actual peace ahead of either the material profit of war or the idealistic beauty of a glorious but impossible something pretending to be a plan for universal peace among creatures it generously flatters by ascribing to them attributes which they do not and never did possess.

Or maybe I'm wrong about this because I'm right when I say that human nature doesn't change.

How much *do* people want peace, anyhow?

Aftermath

(Continued from page 29)

at hand, when the Armistice abruptly terminated things, was a certain building designed and equipped solely for the manufacture of officer .45-calibre shells. It was almost ready for the help to step into at 11 A.M., November 11, 1918. The whole establishment then, however, lay completely idle, unused, for nearly six months when we received orders to readapt it for certain commercial shells.

To furnish the building with light and power we had run a high line across to a bank of new transformers at the new building. This work had been completed just before the Armistice. Naturally we checked the condition of those transformers, idle for six months, before we switched on the hot stuff. We found all of the insulating oil, in which the coils are immersed for cooling purposes, reeking wet with water! Ever get water under the distributor cap of your car? The moisture causes a short circuit or a "ground" which is practically the same

thing. But your distributor cap is to that trio of cast iron giants we had at X— what a zephyr would be to a hurricane. Just one jolt of high voltage would have left nothing save black smoke, ashes and molten metal. But for the Armistice some brass hats were due to wait awhile for their pet ammunition.

Transformers come with heavy cast iron covers clamped down tight onto felt gaskets. There's only one way for water to get inside, in quantity—someone must deliberately lift the covers off and pour it in. In 1917, the year before, some unseen hand had monkeyed with transformer connections over in the power house but by pure luck we had caught the trouble before any equipment was disabled. We concluded the same pair of hands had gone restless a second time.

About a week later the tunnel was discovered. We guessed, from its appearance, that it must have been dug before 1917, probably during the time X— was busy

with British, French and Belgian orders and before traffic was shunted away from all streets surrounding the plant. Later the enemy became too clever at forging passes or at seducing workers already equipped with bona fide pasteboards, to bother with a tunnel.

At each of the four corners of the mile square works was a small store or commissary. The respective storekeepers were men who had been blinded in some flare-up and who could as clerks thus continue to gain a livelihood. Company subsidized, the stores paid a satisfactory return to their sightless owners. After the Armistice, when employes were again tabulated in tens rather than in thousands, it was decided to tear down one of these corner shacks.

Whoever had dug the tunnel must have gained access to this store during successive nights. He could reach the unused, dirt bottom basement through a trap door at the back of the store. The tunnel entrance was disguised by covering a

frame of rough boards with loose dirt and the gravel taken from the tunnel was carefully packed down and leveled off between foundation posts. In the ordinary gloom of that basement it would have been unusual to discover anything amiss. For some reason the human moles had been scared off before the tunnel progressed very far. But it was pointed toward the shadows underneath a loading platform on the other side of the fence.

Before we ever got into the war the plant had had trouble.

In the process of making cartridges, for example, the empty brass shells standing vertical and open mouthed travel on "dials" under funnels from which powder flows into them—just the right amount into each shell. The conveyor carries them on, like rows of toy soldiers, under a press ram which comes down on a group at a time, pressing powder and wads into the shells with studs like a row of fingers. It's today's equivalent of tamping powder and shot into the old muzzle loader with a ramrod. But on the modern machine, each of the little punches or fingers which compress the powder must be very exactly adjusted. If the powder is not sufficiently compressed, the shell is "slow" or dud. If the pressing finger is adjusted to come down too far, then the powder in the shell will explode. The operator calls that a flare. There may be fibre and concussion enough from it to set off other shells and loose powder lying around.

At one time we had a succession of these flare-ups and several girls were seriously burned or blinded. These bitter experiences recurred until we got into the habit of checking the "tamping" adjustments every hour and especially in the morning. Who did it? Don't ask any of us who worked there. Perhaps it was a

coincidence, the outcome of someone's persistent stupid carelessness. Perhaps not.

Do you remember the false armistice? Followed by the real article? During that short intervening period our guardhouse entertained a strikingly handsome woman. But only for about an hour. Then she departed for the local jail, via patrol wagon, a way station on her trip to federal detention. Her pretty features were enlivened with an assumed expression of bravado but also shadowed from an atmosphere of concern she could not entirely conceal. The war was over, or would be technically within twenty-four hours, but she had no way of knowing what the federal authorities might require in the way of retribution. Plant gossip had it that she was a shipping department clerk who had displayed a little too much curiosity concerning the total daily shipments of ammunition.

On several occasions during the past year you have been able to read within the pages of this magazine descriptions of other enemy agent attempts at sabotage in a wartime factory. The purpose of these articles is not entirely to furnish interesting reading on a certain phase of the war, nor to further round out its history, but, in a modest way, to serve both as a record and a warning if we are so unfortunate as to be again embroiled in conflict. No one knows a great deal about Sabotage but, on the other hand, how many have a comprehensive understanding of Espionage, of the way Military Intelligence works?

A great deal of the knowledge used in preparing for a war is gained, needless to say, largely from the experiences of the preceding war. This condition can be likened to the discoveries made by archeologists (Continued on page 58)

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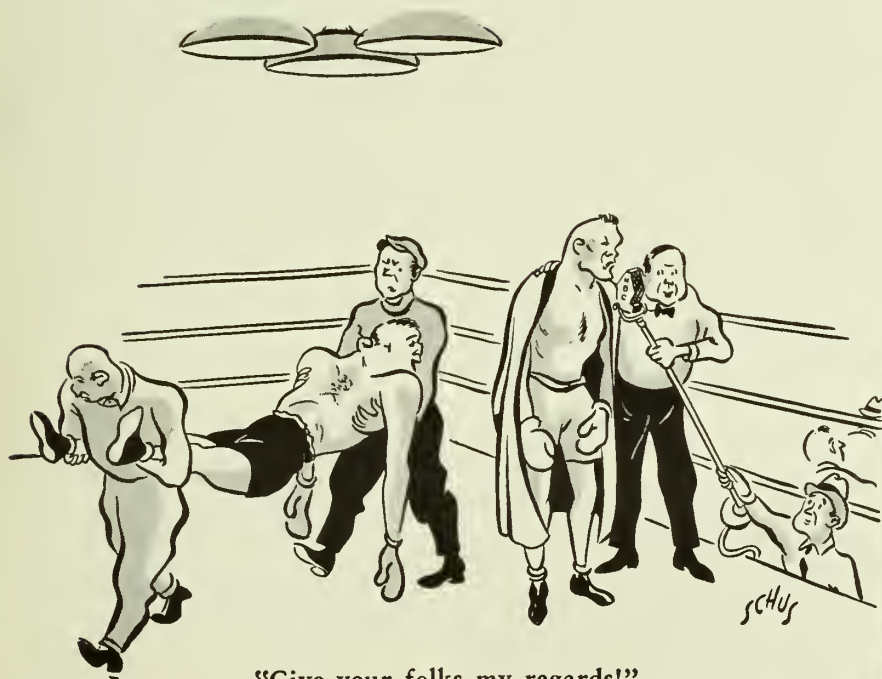
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"Give your folks my regards!"

Aftermath

(Continued from page 57)

at Carthage where, excavating deeper and deeper, they discovered seven cities, in layers, each one larger and more magnificent but each one built on the ruins of its predecessor. By the end of the Civil War an infant Military Intelligence had grown sufficiently toward maturity to be immediately available at the start of the World War as a more or less dependable and capable adult. Then may not this idea of a Department of Sabotage, this child of the World War, appear similarly as a full grown menace at the start of the next war?

SABOTAGE, crippling or hindering or destroying any part of a service of supply, is a very logical offensive weapon. The man power question is so simple. Ten men—or ten people including a woman or two—can hamper or even nullify the activities of ten thousand fighters. Of what particular use is an army without ammunition? How much of your pay envelope would you bet on a boxer whose hands were cut off at the wrists? An enemy army, across, might fight for weeks to subdue an armed regiment of ours yet ten of that same enemy on this side, working in the proper direction, could fold our regiment up in jig time. If one lucky “hit,” say from the air, on an ammunition dump will cripple the offensive in a certain salient, what could a persistent relentless crippling of the factories where this ammunition originates do to an entire army depending on their supplies?

As for enlisting men to do the dirty work, our enemy would have little trouble if 1918 is any criterion. For his purpose, then, the enemy would select men who respond readily to money, as well as adventure and excitement of that peculiar kind; he would choose the types who are not exactly perhaps social outcasts but of the lone-wolf variety.

Kay was a good example. If you read “On Guard: Gallagher” in last December’s issue of this magazine you know

that Kay sold himself to the enemy. In return for whatever money he received he was to arrange a little dynamite party intended to completely shut down the X— works for weeks.

In Kay, by the way, I resurrected another ghost during this twentieth year after the war, for after my chat with the colonel my curiosity demanded further information. I therefore wrote an associate formerly with us on the engineering staff at X—. My letter finally caught up with him at Orlando, Florida. He replied to one specific question:

“You ask about Kay. Yes, I have seen him since the war. Once. At circus winter quarters in Sarasota where he was working. I couldn’t get a great deal out of him.

“You say the last you saw of him was when Gallagher pushed him through the Guard House door at X—. Well, within fifteen minutes he managed to escape. He dodged through the basements of the old shot shell buildings and came out on the railroad tracks at the shot shell loading platforms. He was still lucky. He swung onto the powder train which was just leaving for the park.

“At the Powder Park he walked as fast as he could for the Beverly Road gate—the only gate, by the way, where there was one guard. He attacked the guard, threw him on his face, and ran for the woods across Beverly Road. But the guard came out of his confusion quicker than Kay thought he would. Prone on his stomach, with his wind knocked out, the guard nevertheless managed to get in a shot that took Kay in the back. . . . Kay admitted serving some time.”

As an individual Kay is insignificant. As a symbol he is important. He is the type the enemy would seek for and recruit as an under cover agent. Look for neither the slouching radical nor the naturalized foreign-born nor the first generation American of foreign extraction. They are too obvious.

Your knowing enemy will select a plain,

substantial citizen with several generations of American forbears. He will dress him and coach him to readily assimilate into whatever social strata he must work with.

If—if, I repeat—there should be another war before the Legion has passed on, before its membership has dwindled to a scattering of old men with canes and ear-trumpets, there will be a job waiting.

For the rest of us, too. We can fight with eyes and ears in the battles in the dark that will inevitably be waged over here. We shall need to be legion and everywhere for, in the event of war, every manufacturing plant in the country, almost without exception, will make a direct or indirect contribution of war materials and the enemy agent will be crawling below to stop things if he can possibly do so.

HE OR the crank or the radical may appear anywhere. You’ll not be safe in saying: “Pouf! There’s only one factory in my town and they’ll never get a war contract.”

I happen to remember a certain wood-turning shop, way up in New England, employing not more than a dozen hands, which kept busy for months during the last war turning out little lignum-vitae mallets for Army surgeons’ kits. They also punched billions of little discs from the end grain of waste slabs of lumber to be used for cartridge wads.

Ask any police detective where he gets the most help, usually in the solution of a crime. He’ll tell you it comes from some unimportant spectator, the innocent bystander, from some source the criminal had never conceived of or he would have guarded against it. Intelligence, Secret Service, G-Men or whatever they may be called in the future will need every eye, every ear, every half developed suspicion that can be recruited to cope effectively with sabotage as it may show up in another conflict. They also can serve who only stand and watch.

Slicker Stuff

(Continued from page 21)

to them trying to work him for a pass, it was no wonder that a hurler let his humanness overcome him occasionally and zoomed one for the batter instead of the plate. It was done very artfully, of course, as all bean balls are thrown, and it was hard to differentiate between the guilt born of exasperation and a plain accident.

In Jennings’ case the fact is that he was hit several times by pitched balls. But his flair for spoiling the good ones wasn’t affected a bit. Hughie had a specially designed cap made—one which had plenty of padding on the left side and which could be pulled down to an angle over the temple—and stood up there spoiling pitchers’ arms just as he did before the

campaign to dust him off was first begun.

The immortal McGraw had a more flexible stance at the plate and was in little danger of being beamed. He drew more bases on balls than any other lead-off man and scored more runs, what with Billy Keeler and Jennings hitting behind him. Year after year he averaged a hundred runs scored per season.

The intentional foul was the batter's answer to a decided advantage given the pitchers when the rules were changed making the pitching distance longer. In 1894 the pitching distance was increased from 60 to 65 feet, five inches and the next year the pitching slab was increased from 12 inches by 6 to 24 inches by 24. These moves were supposed to assist the batsmen, who had been more or less dominated by pitching since overhand throwing was declared in order.

But the increased pitching distance served no such purpose. On the other hand it enabled the moundsman to get better control on his curves. And it was to offset this additional pitching superiority that fouling off was resorted to.

But fouling off eventually got to be an annoyance to the fans as well as to the pitchers, and when games began to drag out over three hours the National League put in the foul strike rule in 1901. Under it, all balls batted foul and not caught were called strikes up to two.

Baseball's most generally employed trick of the trade, however, was that of doctoring the ball itself. There were the emery ball, the shine ball and the spitball, just to name a few. The emery ball era reached its heights in 1914 and 1915. Russell Ford, a Yankee pitcher of that day, is said to have noticed that he could do all sorts of tricks with a ball whose nice shiny surface was scuffed up a bit.

Ford finally devised a quick and efficacious way of scuffing up the horsehide. It was by the simple process of sewing a piece of emery cloth into his glove and giving the ball a good rub against it. Such treatment enabled the flinger to get a fine grip on the sphere and he could make it sail or float at will.

There has been considerable dispute over the origin of the spitball. A minor league pitcher named Stricklett has been credited with its discovery in the late 90's, but there are records, too, of a tosser named Bobby Mathews of the Lord Baltimores of 1868 who threw a ball on which he first spat and which when released went through queer gyrations on its route to the batsman.

The king of the spitters, of course, was big Ed Walsh, who won a world's championship for the Chicago American League team with it in 1906. Walsh set quite a vogue for the saliva treated ball and many tossers mastered it in both leagues. Some of these imitators masticated substances like licorice and tobacco, which, in addition to aiding in a freak delivery, also discolored the ball and made it difficult for the batsman to see it.

But every pitcher couldn't master the art of chewing tobacco. Burleigh Grimes, former mound star of the Brooklyn Dodgers, was in this class. Burleigh would much rather have used tobacco, but he could never get used to the weed, so he resorted to a cud of slippery elm.

The shine ball had two great exponents,

Ed Cicotte and Cy Danforth of the White Sox. They used to treat the pellet by shining it up with talcum or chalk kept about their persons. The extra smooth surface helped them in putting the ball through its tricks.

Eventually the spitball and the shine ball proved a nuisance, and they were banned in 1920, together with all other forms of tampering with the ball, by a decree following a joint meeting of the American and National Leagues.

There was a handful of hurlers in the big time who were using the spitter when the ukase was laid down. Obviously, legislating the spitball out of the national pastime would also legislate these tossers out of employment. There was no desire to do that, and the owners ruled that pitchers then using the spitball would be permitted to do so as long as they remained in the majors, but that from then on newcomers to either of the big leagues couldn't employ that well-known trick of the trade.

Among those using the spitter at the time it was ruled out were Grimes and Clarence Mitchell, both of the Brooklyn National League team, whose use of the saliva ball helped largely in winning the pennant for the Dodgers in 1920, Stanley Coveleskie of the Cleveland Indians, Bill Doak of the St. Louis Cardinals and Jack Quinn of the New York Yankees. Most of them used tobacco with the spitter, but Burleigh Grimes used slippery elm, which he bought in Yellow Lake, Wisconsin.

One by one they dropped from the pitching scene in subsequent years, the last one to go being Grimes.

The adoption of the anti-spitball ruling was not without its touch of tragedy here and there, for it kept from the big tent a good many fine pitching prospects in the minors whose forte was the saliva-moistened sphere. One sufferer in this category was Frank Shellenbach, for years an outstanding hurler on the Coast. Shellenbach one season won 28 games and regularly turned in over 21 victories a season. Any of the big league teams would have paid big money for him, but their self-imposed rule against spitters doomed him to blush unseen in the minors.

Thus the dampened ball passed from the baseball scene almost two decades ago, although occasionally a pitcher tried to get away with something approaching it. One such violator was a well-known moundsman who wet the ball by brushing his perspiring forehead with his pitching hand, then making a false motion as though to wipe the perspiration off his hand by rubbing it across his chest. Then when he transferred the ball from the glove hand to the pitching hand there was enough moisture to make the ball break suddenly like a spitter. This tosser was never openly accused of using the trick. Several rival managers complained, however, and word was sent to him by league headquarters that he would be watched for the (Continued on page 61)



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ARTWORK FOR THIS PAGE CONTRIBUTED BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Slicker Stuff

(Continued from page 59)

violation. The warning had its effect.

Boxing (or prize fighting, as those engaged in its promotion don't like to have you call it), through the quasi-legal status it enjoyed for years when it wasn't actually taboo, had innumerable tricks of the trade, most of them unfair and some of them nothing short of villainous.

This was largely due to the psychology that pervaded the game and those connected with it. The ruling school of thought had for its motto: "Win—fair or foul—but win." And there wasn't much short of homicide that the boys stopped at. We've heard old-time managers recount by the hour these tricks they resorted to to bring victory to their "boy."

That horseshoe-in-the-glove gag so overworked in movie slapstick was a pretty practical affair in some sections of the country thirty-five years ago and even later. Another one was sprinkling the bandages with powdered plaster of Paris. This was undiscernible on casual examination, but later on, when the boxer's hands perspired, the powdered plaster gave him in a short while two fists of stone. Cow-itch doused surreptitiously on the opposing "boy" was an effective, if reprehensible, way of keeping his mind off defending himself while your man hammered the tar out of him.

But they have long since cleaned up boxing, and nearly all of the States and their smallest subdivisions boast supervisory officials of some kind who minimize greatly, if they don't entirely eliminate, these illegal tricks of the trade.

But boxing also had its own tricks of the trade which were perfectly legitimate. Strange to say, few of them are employed today, something else which will make your old-time sigh for the good old days when a boxer really did road work, tearing off seven or eight miles every morning, and consequently being in condition to go twenty or twenty-five rounds without much trouble.

A good many of yesteryear's men of the ring employed one trick of the trade that toughened up their skin and eliminated the chances of severe cuts with a consequent technical knockout. Jack

Dempsey went without shaving for several days before a fight and bathed his face in a brine solution, all of which gave him a sort of leathery countenance on fight night. Gene Tunney also used brine to toughen naturally brittle hands.

Modern boxers know little about the fine art of body punching, the old time boxing bug insists. Most of the blows are aimed for the head. And because of this very often a boxer will enter the ring with his face smeared with vaseline or grease, the better to make his adversary's blows glance off. This trick of the trade is verboten in most of our States.

In the last decade, during which time professional hockey has taken its place as one of the major sports in the United States, at least one trick of the trade has been worked out in the major league. In the National Hockey League today you'll find the blade of almost every player's stick covered from heel to toe with black tape.

This is not, as is generally thought, for the purpose of reinforcing the stick. Ten years ago sticks used to be strengthened by a few twists of tape around the toe and heel. Then some marksman, trying to improve his goal total, stumbled across the idea of winding tape all across the blade of his shillala.

It served further to confuse the goal tender. With a white-faced stick it was easy to see where the jet-black puck was lying against it, and therefore keep an eye on its most probable line of flight goalward. But with the entire face of the puck wound with black tape there was no telling exactly where the puck reposed.

In the major hockey league, too, the practise of "freezing" the puck before a game is generally employed. A warm puck, one of ordinary room temperature, is apt to stick to the ice; a cold one will slide more freely along on its flat surface and is not so apt to roll. Some cogitating trainer—Harry Westerby of the New York Rangers gets the credit for it—came across the idea of the frozen puck, and now you'll find them cooled in refrigerators or on the frosty floor near the players' bench.

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They Harvest Education

(Continued from page 33)

Executive Committeemen and the Department Commanders and Adjutants who were assembled at National Headquarters during the exhibition.

The exhibition, it is believed, will result in the addition of many rare pieces to the collection, which is in charge of Mrs. Verna Grimm, Librarian at National Headquarters, and who co-operating with National Historian Thomas M. Owen, Jr., has been chiefly responsible for the fine collection brought together. Both have urged the building up of the war poster collection and the badge collection as important records of historical interest and of particular value to the student in future years.

But one ribbon badge given to delegates at the meeting held in Milwaukee the last day of August, 1919, when the Department of Wisconsin was organized, is known to have been preserved. It is now the crown piece in a complete collection of Wisconsin badges owned by O. W. Rolfe, Past Commander of Alonzo Cudworth Post, Milwaukee, to whom it was issued as a delegate. It is perhaps quite true that Rolfe had no idea of forming a collection of Legion badges when he filed it away at the conclusion of a meeting that, according to reports, was somewhat stormy and turbulent. But it had been autographed by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who represented the embryonic National Organization at the Wisconsin meeting and who had brought peace to the contending factions.

Drill Team Champs

THE home town folks staged a homecoming for the Drill Team of Newton Post, Newton, Massachusetts, that thrilled the members almost as much as taking down first honors in the rifle drill team contest at the New York Convention, when they were crowned National Champions for 1937-1938. A reception committee of more than one thousand fellow townsmen, headed by Mayor Edwin O. Childs, were assembled and formed a procession to escort the new champions into the city.

The drill team championship came as a climax to a banner year enjoyed by Newton Post, in which the Drill Team played a most important part. The Post won an important membership trophy and, at the Department Convention at New Bedford, was awarded the Department banner for civic achievement. Commander Leon H. Mayer writes that the members of the Drill Team have been most active in winning these honors for Newton and, in addition, twenty-four men of this team have formed a blood donor group, have been typed and are on call at the Newton and Waltham hospitals for blood transfusions.

Outposts of the Legion

THOUGH the seventeen Posts in the Department of Alaska are far removed from the centers of activity, they carry on their work in the normal manner of Legion Posts located in any one of the forty-eight States, and with the same regard to conformance to adopted programs and policies. Approximately one thousand Legionnaires hold their memberships in these seventeen Posts, scattered about over a broad expanse of country which is not so frigid or so barren as popularly imagined.

Many of these Posts are most comfortably housed, as that at Valdez, which was thrown open to entertain and house Uncle Sam's soldiers stationed at Chilkoot Barracks on their visit to Valdez when in summer training.

The youngest Post in Alaska is Matanuska Valley Post at Palmer, whose members are mostly colonists who went to Alaska under the widely publicized Matanuska Valley colonization project. This Post, too, has found its work in community service and as a leader in the observance of patriotic holidays.

Hands Across the Border

PROPOSING to link World War veterans of the United States and Canada in a closer bond, Grand Forks (North Dakota) Post has launched a movement it hopes will spread along the entire three thousand miles of border between the two countries.

Conceiving an organization of American Legion and Canadian Legion members whose combined weight of opinion and effort would have a tremendous bearing on international questions, and whose association would promote a further spirit of good will, Grand Forks Legionnaires invited veterans of Manitoba, North Dakota, and western Minnesota to a general gathering on September 5th. The result was a permanent organization which will hold a second meeting at Winnipeg on July 3 and 4 in 1938. Heading the group is Alex Cairns of Winnipeg, Secretary of the Canadian Legion, Manitoba Command, with Joe Rabinovich of Grand Forks, member of The American Legion National Americanism Commission, as vice president.

The organization will be known as the International World War Veterans Alliance. Its objectives will be those of maintaining fraternal relations between the veterans of the two countries and promotion of friendly relations.

The Grand Forks meeting was attended by approximately 2,000 Canadian and American veterans, representing more than one hundred Posts in the two countries.

BOYD B. STUTLER

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

Service Rendered

(Continued from page 24)

in service. For instance, some honor rolls give the war dead a special position at the top of the plaque, set well apart from the list of living veterans. The more common practice, however, is to include the hero dead in the general list, with a star beside the name of each man killed in service.

Arrangement of names is by no means the only problem. Careful planning is equally vital when it comes to choosing design and inscription for the plaque. I must confess that on this score, the standard of good taste for our American honor rolls is not always as high as it might be.

However, the objectionable plaques are happily limited. Civic education during the post-war era has saved us from having more of these ill-favored memorials.

Generally speaking, American honor rolls are in conformity with good taste both as regards design and inscription. When they do offend, it is more likely to be in design than in inscription. Some of our plaques, alas, are over-decorated. But the prevailing mood is a compromise between modernism and conservatism.

The standard maintained by the honor rolls with respect to inscriptions is indeed creditable. Reticence and reserve are dominant. Sometimes the plaque will carry no other inscription than the title line "Honor Roll" with the date of the World War. On the war date issue, by the way, there is considerable difference of opinion. Honor rolls are split into two groups. One plaque, for instance, will read 1914-1918, thus inaccurately representing us as serving through the entire

conflict. Another plaque will limit the date to 1917-1918, the literal period of American participation. The latter method is the one usually followed.

We have mentioned the preference for brevity in inscriptions. There is one notable exception to that trend. That is when honor rolls use a famous excerpt from Woodrow Wilson's war message. Many plaques all over the nation carry this familiar quotation: "The right is more precious than peace. We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts. To such a cause we dedicate our lives."

Each type of honor roll, of course, carries its own message. I could fill pages with their stories. Yet my thoughts leave them all and return persistently to the industrial type of honor rolls—those plaques which display so proudly to all visitors at factory or office the cherished honor list of the company's heroes. Somehow these plaques have a social significance that the others lack. They help to harmonize the relationship between employee and employer, for one thing. We might cite as an example those companies which make Armistice Day the occasion of special ceremonies.

Many honor rolls now exhibited in offices and factories will not always be so displayed. Time and events will develop their own good or bad reasons for removal of the plaques. So one wonders what will happen to these honor rolls. Perhaps eventually local Legion Posts may establish repositories for them.

An Aloha That Went Sour

(Continued from page 38)

Major Hennessey rode one horse straight through two chukkers, playing number four position against General Haig, commander-in-chief of the British army. He said he'd rather kill the horse than lose the game—and the Americans won. I had charge of Major Hennessey's horses."

EVER hear of a ship being afloat with her keel entirely out of water? It can be done—and we're not talking of airships, either. For the natives of Missouri and those who would qualify as residents of the Show Me State, this seeming phenomenon is proved by the picture on page 38. It isn't as confusing as it sounds, after you read the story from Joseph R. Johnson of Man o' War Post in Lexington, Kentucky, who dug this snapshot from his war archives for us to display:

"When I first became a member of the crew of the U. S. S. *Chicago*, she was flagship of the Submarine Base at New Lon-

don, Connecticut, and was stationed there. From August until December, 1918, she was in the convoy service, conveying submarines to the Azores via Bermuda.

"On December 1, 1918, about 5 A. M., when we were about to anchor in the harbor of Hamilton, Bermuda, we heard the call 'Man overboard.' We rescued him in a few minutes, got him aboard ship and into the sick bay and soon he was all right again. We had two submarines in tow and in throwing the line off he had slipped overboard. Wonder if he remembers his unexpected bath?

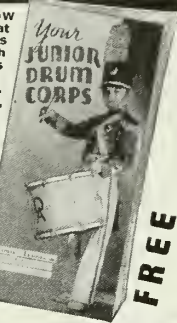
"On the following day we went into dry dock and painted the bottoms. The dock at Hamilton, Bermuda, is a floating dock. The water is pumped into tanks, which sinks the dock, the ship is run in and secured, the water pumped out of the tanks, and the dock and ship float again. The picture shows the *Chicago* in this dock." (Continued on page 64)

-And now it's the American Legion JUNIOR DRUM CORPS

Supreme pride of the A. L. Post NOW is its JUNIOR Drum Corps. And what a thrill when the snappy youngsters march out on their first parade, with the pep and stirring music of bugles and drums.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT—October 31 1937

Assets	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 341,006.32
Notes and Accounts Receivable.....	108,935.84
Inventories.....	127,837.22
Invested funds.....	1,556,334.73
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund..	194,834.35
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation.....	127,097.63
Furniture, Fixtures & Equipment.....	32,803.21
Deferred Charges.....	20,919.78
	\$2,509,769.08

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current Liabilities.....	79,943.09
Funds restricted as to use.....	25,384.09
Deferred Income.....	256,605.23
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	194,834.35
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital.....	1,559,622.16
Unrestricted Capital.....	393,380.16
	\$2,509,769.08

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

An Aloha That Went Sour

(Continued from page 63)

AN AFTERMATH of the New York National Convention is a letter that came from Marie Louise Gonod of 328 East 53d Street, New York City, that should interest everyone and particularly veterans of Railway Engineer outfits or of the Transportation Corps:

"The recent Convention of the Legion here inspires me to write you. It was a most delightful experience and the scores of locomotives and box cars traversing our streets brought back memories.

"It was during the summer of 1918. The first American locomotives were being introduced to the French people in the vicinity of Lamarche, Dijon (Cote d'Or.)

"Three children were playing in the garden of the railroad station at Lamarche, noticed the arrival of the engine and of the American soldier who came with it.

This charming soldier came to the garden and lifted one of the little girls in his arms. She started to scream for her uncle. He came to her and attempted to converse with the nice American whose intention was to take the little girl for a ride on the train. They could not, however, understand each other well and so the soldier departed.

"Having been that little girl, I have since come to America, am grown up but have often thought about this incident. If he remembers the occasion, it would be interesting to hear from him."

We had the pleasure of a call from Miss Gonod and learned that her father and mother had come from France to America sometime before the World War started, met here for the first time and were married. Miss Gonod and her sister were born in New York City, but after her father passed on, they were sent to France to an uncle, M. Jean Laumont, who was chef de gare at Lamarche.

TWENTIETH anniversary reunions are now in order. Some have been held in 1937, commemorating the organization of divisions and regiments and other outfits, but many more will be scheduled during this new year. And, no doubt, following a precedent established some years ago, many outfits will take advantage of the Legion National Convention in Los Angeles, September 19 to

22, to hold reunions. It isn't too early to make plans—some announcements appear in the following list:

NAVAL AIR STA., ARCACON, FRANCE—Reunion in conjunction with Legion national convention, Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 19-22. E. J. Oerter, 2516 W. 73d st., Los Angeles.

16TH PROV. TRNG. REGT. (Ft. Des Moines, Ia.), 92d and 93d Div. OFFICERS—Reunion, Los Angeles, during Legion natl. convention. Dennis McG. Matthews, 5118 Latham st., Los Angeles.

BASE HOSP. No. 117—Proposed reunion of former officers, nurses and enlisted men, Los Angeles, during Legion natl. convention. Mrs. Emma J. Pearce Preston, 424 W. Elm st., Compton, Calif.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, in conjunction with Legion natl. conv., Sept. 19-22. Richard D. Bowman, personnel officer, 44 Boone st., Glenolden, Pa.

2d Div. Assoc., A. E. F.—All Star and Indian Head vets invited to 20th anniversary convention, La Salle Hotel, Chicago, Ill., July 14-16. George V. Gordon, chmn., 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago.

5TH Div.—Copies of divisional history, 400 pages, still available by writing to Wm. Barton Bruce, historian, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

6TH Div.—Natl. reunion dinner, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22, under auspices Sector 1, with Legion national convention. R. E. Moran, secy., 506 N. Spaulding av., Los Angeles.

RAINBOW (42d) Div. VETS.—Natl. reunion, St. Paul, Minn., July 12-14. Natl. publication, *Rainbow Reveille*, mailed free to all Rainbow vets. Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4045 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

26TH INF., 1st Div.—Names and addresses of all vets wanted for memorial plaque to be placed at home of 26th Inf. Joseph G. Webber, 15 St. Joseph st., New Rochelle, N. Y.

60TH INF., 5TH Div.—Annual reunion, Lancaster Pa., Sept. 3-5. Roy D. Peters, 441 E. Orange st., Lancaster, or Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

308TH INF.—Annual reunion dinner at Gov. Clinton Hotel, 31st st. & 7th av., New York City, Sat., Feb. 5. L. C. Barrett, chmn., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

CO. B, 3d OREGON, and 162d INF.—18th annual banquet and reunion, Portland, Ore., Mar. 5. R. E. McEnany, 2922 NE 36th av., Portland.

315TH M. G. BN., 80TH Div.—All vets interested in permanent organization, write to Robert H. Heyman, 922 Fordham av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HAWAIIAN Div.—Proposed reunion of all vets, particularly men of 1st and 9th F. A. Harry I. Condon, 346 Claremont av., Jersey City, N. J.

BTRY. A., 124TH F. A.—19th annual reunion, Springfield, Ill., Jan. 8. Geo. Morton, 328 E. Washington st., Springfield.

120TH F. A.—To bring up to date regimental Who's Who, all vets are asked to send names and addresses to Tom Fallon, 759 N. Plankinton av., Milwaukee, Wisc.

415TH TEL. SIG. BN. ASSOC.—20th anniversary dinner, entertainment and business meeting, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Sat., Jan. 15. J. J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago.

185TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Write to Floyd Perhan, Lake Side, Mich.

102d AMMUN. TRN., 27TH Div.—Proposed permanent organization and reunion. Frank V. Baldwin, Jr., 1411 Broadway, New York City.

BASE HOSP. No. 45 VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. John Marshall Hotel, Richmond, Va., Sat. afternoon and evening, Feb. 26. L. C. Bird, adjt., 915 E. Cary st., Richmond.

NATL. TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 5. Arnold Joerns, pres., Suite 2300, 333 N. Michigan av., Chicago.

U. S. S. Vermont—Former officers and men interested in reunion, write to Andrew M. Sasko, N. 214 Third st., Donora, Pa.

U. S. S. VON STEUBEN ASSOC.—For roster, report to Ernest A. Normandin, 2797 Constitution rd., Camden, N. J.

RAILHEAD DET., SOUILLY, FRANCE—Proposed letter reunion. Write to Louis C. Schulte, ex-1st lt., 813 Merchantile Trust bldg., Baltimore, Md.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

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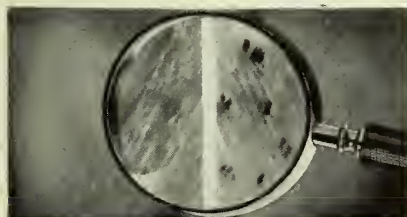
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Chesterfield

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